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PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

PAS
1924



G. Bowman



L. Smith



K. Moorman



W. Reade



C. Summers



K. Ryland



G. Magee



K. Hatcher



H. Willman



M. Swens



J. Havenslein



C. Valentine



A. Joyce



M. Coghill



V. Cousins



G. Rennie



C. Wilbourne



J. McClure



E. Smith



L. Justice



F. Crocker



A. Williams



A. Seaneys



W. Wells



C. Lewis



M. Ramey



G. Tucker



I. Crockford



L. Robertson



R. Lane



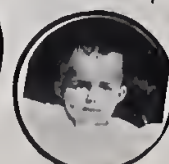
D. Wice



J. Sutherland



R. Fowlkes



L. Temple



M. Tucker



R. Wood



A. Raine



A. Bazel



A. Hamilton



L. Milby



H. Talbott



R. Butler



N. Weber



V. Sutherland

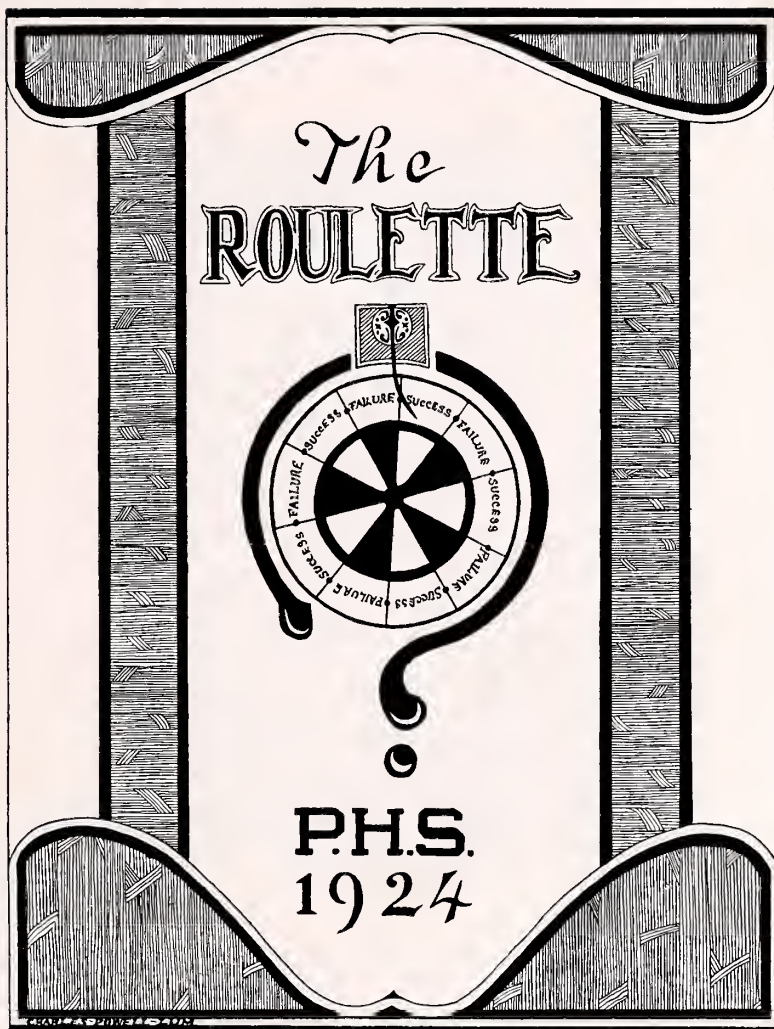


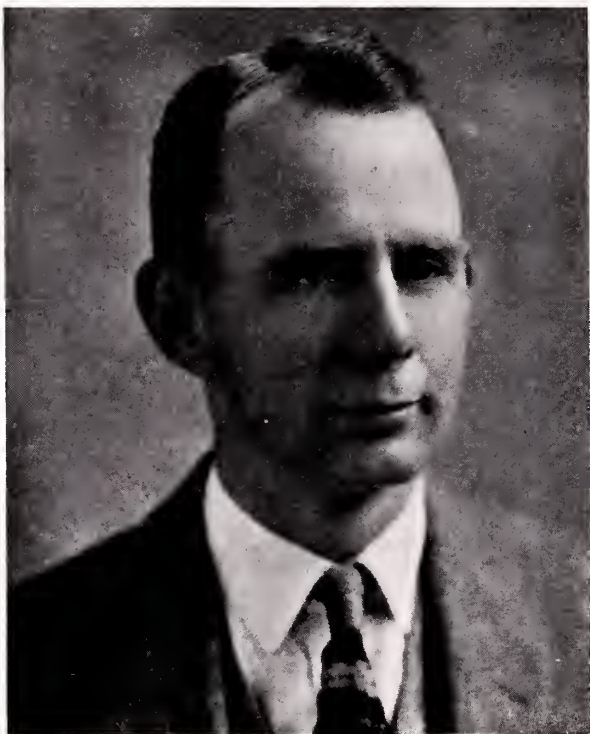
H. Branch

H. G. Ellis

H. D. Woless

H. A. Miller





JAMES G. SCOTT

R

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Dedication



AS A symbol of our kindest thoughts and loving remembrance of one who has shown unending interest in our progress and success through our High School days, we, the Senior Class of nineteen hundred and twenty-four, dedicate the "*Roulette*" to our

HONORED FRIEND AND ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL,
MR. JAMES G. SCOTT.



ANNUAL STAFF

Annual Staff



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Florence Crocker

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Lillian Temple	Doris Bamber
Hugh Wilkerson	Elizabeth Hargrave
Antrobus Gray	Edwin Bowman
Edith Crump	Margaret Mann

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Perry Wells, *Chairman*

Jack Moon	Jack Goodman
Frances Moon	Powell Lum

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Katherine Hatchett, *Chairman*
Nellie Williams Alexander Hamilton
Catherine Moorman

BUSINESS MANAGERS

John McClure	Maclin Cogbill
David Wice	

CIRCULATION MANAGERS

James Sutherland	Wilmer Robertson
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Foreword



THE Senior Class of 1924 has made an earnest and sincere effort to publish an annual which will come up to, and reach beyond, the standard of the preceding annuals, and which is worthy of the Petersburg High School. One step towards this goal has been the new cover which is more substantial and more attractive than the covers before used. The originality, intellect, artistic temperament, and humor of the class have been gathered together and grouped into the "*Roulette*."

May you reap as much pleasure and enjoyment from it as we have had in anticipating a success in this, our work.

E. F. C.

In Appreciation.

May the future days of our beloved teacher,

Mr. H. Augustus Miller, Jr.

be blessed with all that is best in life as a reward for his untiring interest, the sacrificing of his valuable time, and his earnest desire to help us make our High School Annual a success.

SENIOR CLASS OF '24.



MR. H. G. ELLIS, SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS



MR. H. D. WOLFF, PRINCIPAL





FACULTY

The Faculty



Mr. H. D. Wolff, A. B., A. M.....*Principal*
 Mr. James G. Scott, A. B.....*Assistant Principal*

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 Mr. D. Pinckney Powers, A. B., A. M. Miss Alice L. Cook, A. B.
 Miss Anna Mae Moreland, A. B.

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 Miss Virginia Goodwin, A. B. Miss Sallie Simmons Purdy, A. B.

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 Miss Ann McL. Cooper Miss Virginia Burdick, A. B.
 Miss M. Ruth Lauer, A. B.

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Miss Sallie Guerrant, A. B., A. M., *Head of Department*
 Mr. Paul Pettit, A. B. Miss Alice L. Cook, A. B.
 Miss Louise E. Stratton, A. B.

LATIN DEPARTMENT

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 Miss Jane H. Cabaniss, A. B.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

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 Miss Frances Browning, B. C. S. Miss Annie L. Walker, A. B.

FRENCH

Mr. Howard Freas, A. B.

SPANISH

Miss Alberta Harris, A. B.

PHYSICAL DIRECTOR

Mr. A. D. Joyner, B. A.

PHYSICAL DIRECTRESS

Miss Inez Wells

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

Miss Anna Howard, B. S.

DOMESTIC ART

Miss Blanche Ridenour, B. S.

MANUAL TRAINING

Mr. Daniel M. Donovan, B. M. I.

DRAWING

Miss Hilda Huddle

MUSIC

Mr. Melvin Maccoul, *Instrumental*

SEVENTH GRADE

Miss Anna Fry, A. B.

Miss Bess Rice

Miss Blanche Gentry

Miss Annie M. Riddle

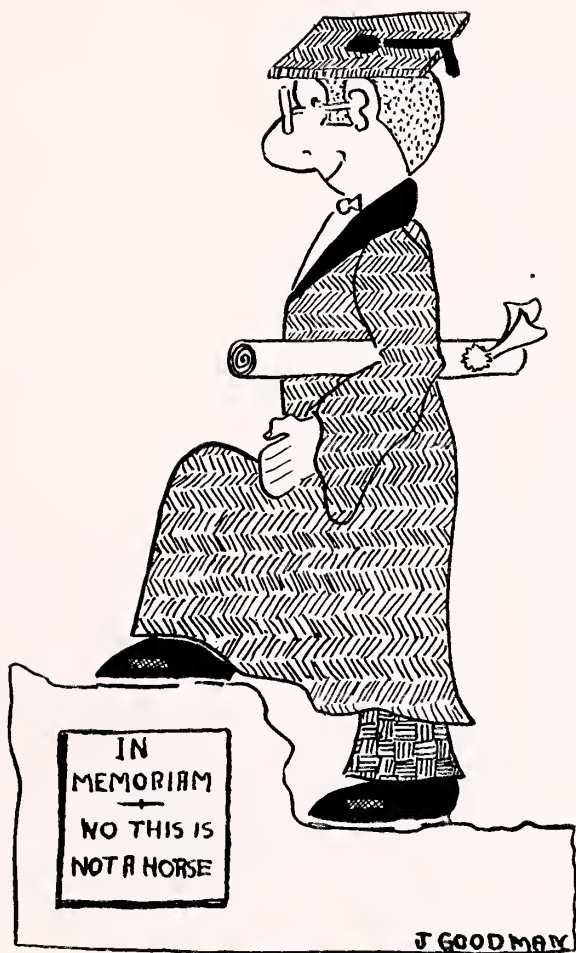
Miss Gayle Hartz

Miss Harriet I. Thomas

Miss Ruth N. Jarratt, A. B.

Miss Bess Wooten

Miss Bessie H. Peck



- SENIORS -

Senior Class

February

Hugh Wilkerson	<i>President</i>
Florence Crocker	<i>Vice-President</i>
Isabel Crockford	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
Eldridge Simmons	<i>Historian</i>
Mary Cabaniss	<i>Statistician</i>
Maclin Cogbill	<i>Prophet</i>

June

Edwin Bowman	<i>President</i>
Gordon Rennie	<i>Vice-President</i>
James Sutherland	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
James Sutherland	<i>Historian</i>
Margaret Severs	<i>Statistician</i>
Wilmer Robertson	<i>Prophet</i>

Florence Crocker	<i>Poet</i>
Agnes Joyce	<i>Will Writer</i>
Edith Crump	<i>Song Writer</i>



PEGGY MILLER, *Mascot*

February Class

AUDREY ROSE BOZEL

"DICKIE"

*"None knew thee, but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."*

Daniel Literary Society; Athletic Association; Associate Editor of *Missile*; Head Reporter of *Missile*; Public Speaking Society; Civics Club; School Weekly News; Orchestra; Winner of Gold Medal given by *Progress-Index* for the best work in journalism; Clean-Up Campaign Committee.

Audrey's auburn curls and big brown eyes speak for themselves. Look down into her eyes and you can see her every emotion. She is just the kind of a pal to run to when you need someone who understands and who knows how to help you. Audrey knows and is willing, or it isn't worth while.



RUTH ORMONDE BUTLER

"BOBBIE"

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

Daniel Literary Society; Public Speaking Society; Athletic Association; History Club.

She's just a little bit of humanity, but P. H. S. wouldn't be the same without her sunny smile. So, Ruth, in after years there will come floating down the stream of memory to us a vision of a dear little girl, with some dear little curls, two deep dimples, and a dear little nose, tip-tilted like the petal



MARY YANCEY CABAN:

*"Happy-go-lucky, where'er she
Many her friends, and few her*

Page Literary Society; School Weekly tary and Treasurer of History Club; Athletic Association.

We all wish that we could face the world smile like Mary, for few of us have ever really angry. The rule goes that pretty girls are very intelligent, but, classmates, we all agree it is an exception.



MACLIN BOISSEAU COGBILL, JR.

"MAC"

*"Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
But he with a chuckle replied,
That 'maybe it couldn't, but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.'"*

Hi-Y Club; Athletic Association; Page Literary Society Debating Team; Editor-in-Chief of *Missile*; School Representative in the State Declamation Contest; History Club; Chairman Clean-up Campaign of Civics Club; President of 4A Class; Assistant Business Manager of *The Roulette*; Prophet of February Class.

Maclin is a boy who tries anything once, and whose company is always enjoyed. It has been Mac's aim for four years to complete the many requests that Miss Guerrant has bestowed upon him. Although all his classmates do not know it, Mac believes "a quiet game of checkers improves the mind."

BERNARD COHEN

"BERNY"

"A man of few words is a man of good judgment."

History Club; Civics Club; Orchestra; Athletic Association; Page Literary Society; City Editor, School Weekly News.

"Berny" is sincere in everything he does, with a dislike and abhorrence of imitation. Although he is quiet and naturally slow, he is a jovial fellow and overflowing with mirth and subtle humor at many times. On various occasions we have consulted the dictionary as an aid in translating his long bombastic phrases

into simple English, but he is in earnest when he says they are "wisdom and under-



FLORENCE CROCKER

"FLORENCE"

*"And truth and virtue were her theme,
Hopes of divine liberty,
Her most dear to her, and poesy,
Poet."*

Editor-in-Chief of *The Roulette*; School Weekly News Poet; Secretary and Treasurer 4A Class; Student 4B Class; Page Literary Society; Association; received a Bronze Medal for her net words in a fifteen-minute speed test, Wood Typewriter, and Typewriting Speed Friendship Club.

Remember her for her intellect, and love her for her purity. She will always be remembered by fellow-students for the good work she did at P. H. S.

ISABEL GILLIAM CROCKFORD

"IZZIE"

*"Brown eyes, laughing face,
Kind heart, ways of grace."*

Secretary and Treasurer of Senior Class; Secretary of Page Literary Society; History Club; Civics Club; *Missile* Reporter; Secretary and Treasurer of 3A Class; Athletic Association; Staff of School Weekly News; Friendship Club.

To know Isabel is to love her. With her quiet, gentle ways she is always making friends. She's always ready to lend a helping hand, and she's on the spot whenever a "fellow needs a friend."



EDITH GORDON CRUMP

"EDIE"

*"Sweet personality,
Full of rascality."*

Page Literary Society; Athletic Association; *Missile* Reporter; Exchange Editor of *Missile*; Associate Editor of *Missile*; Associate Editor of Annual; Staff of School Weekly News; Vice-President of History Club; Secretary and Treasurer of Civics Club; Song Writer of February Class; winner of gold thimble given for Domestic Arts in 1923; Friendship Club; Honor Graduate, February Class.

Edith is a dear girl, always full of fun. She is very studious, and we wonder how one small head can carry all she knows. Her special weakness is worshipping at Mr. Miller's shrine.



ANTROBUS BOND GRAY

"TROBUS"

*"Accomplishments were native to his mind,
Like precious pearls within a clasping shell."*

Athletic Association; Page Literary Society; Civics Club; *Missile* Staff; History Club; Vice-President 4A Class; School Weekly News Staff; Associate Editor Annual Staff.

Antrobus spends much of his time in the Physics Laboratory—not working Physics, but playing checkers! Fortunately he is luckier in the classroom than over the checkerboard. His golden comes as regularly as the milkman.





ALEXANDER HAMILTON

"ALEX"

*"A handsome person in his looks
And in his mind the wisest books."*

Football Team; Athletic Council; Page Literary Society; Secretary and Treasurer Hi-Y Club; Treasurer Athletic Association; Secretary and Treasurer Monogram Club; Treasurer Civics Club; Vice-President Public Speaking Society; History Club; Circulation Manager of *Missile*.

"Alex" is the most popular person of the class, and rightly so, for he is just the most attractive person imaginable. He leaves a name for himself both in athletics and studies. And, oh! how impressive he is with the ladies.

FANNIE SIFF LAVENSTEIN

"FAN"

*"We don't know why we like you,
Except because it's you,
This may not be good logic,
But goodness knows it's true!"*

Page Literary Society; Athletic Association; History Club; Civics Club.

Fannie is one of those easy-going girls whom one seldom sees. She is never in a bad humor, cross, or out of sorts. Her type is hard to find, and we fully appreciate her.



GRACE I. MAGEE

"FRENCHIE"

"Be not simply good, be good for something."

Athletic Association; Page Literary Society; School Weekly News; Speed Certificate awarded by Underwood Typewriter Company.

The above quotation is Grace all over. Has she not a political purpose behind all of this? We often wonder why she is so intensely interested in William Cullen Bryant.

RUTH PERKINS

"PERK"

*"A queenly bearing has this maiden fair,
And a sense of humor rich and rare."*

Athletic Association; Page Literary Society; Speed Certificate awarded by Underwood Typewriter Company.

Ruth is indeed a pal good and true, always ready to help you out of your troubles and always ready to hear your sorrows. She rejoices with you when you have good luck and comforts you when you weep. She is an all-around good sport and keeps us all in good spirits.



WOODARD ALLEN RAINE

"ALLEN"

*"He is quiet, sincere, but happy at heart,
With a gladness untold, he does more than his part."*

Page Literary Society; History Club; Civics Club; School Weekly News Staff; Athletic Association; High School Band and Orchestra.

Allen is one of the most faithful of our class, and is always ready to help his friends. We have never seen him too serious, but at all times he wears a smile that has won the love and good will of his schoolmates—he is truly everything that becomes a gentleman.



MARY ANN RAMEY

"BOBBIE"

*"A smile that wins, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent;
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent."*

Daniel Literary Society; Civics Club; School Weekly News; History Club; Friendship Club.

Mary is a good old pal, and we don't know how we'd do without her. She's a friend, indeed, in a time of need.





WILLIAM WHITE READE

"BILL"

"Honest and sincere—a true friend to everyone."

Athletic Association; Page Literary Society; History Club; Civics Club; High School Band.

"Bill" is an ardent supporter of all the school activities. He takes misfortune with a calmness rarely known; in victory he wears a smile that invites us all to share it with him. "Bill" has a great objective in the business world, and we feel sure that such a fine all-round fellow will reach the heights of success.

LUCIUS PEEBLES ROBERTSON, JR.

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Page Literary Society; Athletic Association; Cadet Corps; History Club; Civics Club; Hi-Y Club; Football Squad of '23.

Lucius is always trying hard, and usually succeeds. While not the brightest pupil in his class he can usually be found near the leaders at the end of the term. In football, he has been out on the field doing his best at every practice.



ELDRIDGE COOK SIMMONS

"EDUCATED"

"His brain is a vast storehouse of knowledge."

Athletic Association; History Club; Civics Club; Missile Reporter; School Weekly News Staff; Page Literary Society; Class Historian.

Studying is Eldridge's favorite pastime, with checker-playing a close second. His code is: "To will, to strive, and not to yield." It seems to have brought success, for "Educated" is appealed to as referee in many disputes over scholastic affairs.



LUCILE SMITH

"CIL"

*"Far may we search before we find
A heart so gentle and so kind"*

Public Speaking Society; Civics Club; History Club; Daniel Society.

"CIL" is a very sweet girl and has a charming personality. She is a good cook and will make her "future" a good wife some day. She is always willing to help in any work or to do almost anything you ask her.



HERBERT G. TALBOTT

"TABBY"

*"Better to be small and shine
Than to be large and cast a shadow."*

Page Literary Society; School Weekly News; History Club; Athletic Association; Orchestra; Civics Club; *Missile* Reporter.

"Tabby" is an all-round friend and has a heart for one so small. "Nerve" is his middle name, and no obstacle can stand in his way when once his mind is set on accomplishing any task.



LILLIAN ANNA TEMPLE

"TEMP"

*"She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless elimes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes."*

Page Literary Society; Athletic Association; Associate Editor Annual Staff; Typewriting Speed Certificate.

She's a marvel of beauty, and her prey is man. Is it her raven locks, her natural blush? We cannot solve the mystery. Or perhaps it's her loving personality; fun-loving, a good sport, coquettish, a maid of the highest ideals. Lillian captivates all.





ARCHIE BROWNE THWEATT

"B"

"Nothing but himself can be his equal."

History Club; Civics Club; Athletic Association; Daniel Literary Society.

When it comes to love-making, Archie has got the world beat, and Hinton Street holds a great attraction for him. He had rather go to Latin Class and hear Mr. Stuart talk about Vergil than to eat when he is hungry.

GROVER G. TUCKER

"Tuck"

"Who could not conquer the greatest obstacles with determination as his weapon?"

Athletic Association; Daniel Literary Society; Orchestra; Band; *Missile* Reporter; History Club; Civics Club; School Weekly News; Treasurer Sophomore Class.

Grover cannot be classed among our geniuses, but he has a heart for any fate and anything that he is not willing to dig for isn't worth having. Everybody loves Grover because he is a true friend and the best of pals.



PERRY WELLS

"PETER"

"The best in a man will crop out when put to the test."

Monogram Club; Hi-Y Club; Football Team; Page Literary Society; *Missile* Reporter; Civics Club; Art Editor Annual Staff.

The above slogan fits Peter. Though a bashful boy a short while ago, he is now quite a sheik among the girls. On the football field he has proved to be quite as dauntless against opposing linesmen as he is with the ladies.

WILLIE EDGAR WELLS, JR.

"WEE-WILLIE"

"His little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love."

High School Band; High School Orchestra; *Missile Reporter* (Freshman Class); Daniel Literary Society; Athletic Association.

Here is that mysterious Willie. We love his way of doing things, but we can't solve him. Willie is familiar with the girls, but never makes a date. No, he is not bashful. Just the same, he's the best kind of pal.



ELLEN VIRGINIA WILBORNE

"HELEN"

"Soft peace she brings with her whenever she arrives."

Page Literary Society; School Weekly News; Athletic Association; History Club; Civics Club.

Somehow, everyone we meet seems to have something nice to say about Ellen. We wondered why till we found out for ourselves one day that she's better'n all the things they could say.

HUGH L. C. WILKERSON

"WILK"

"He is one that will not plead that cause wherein his tongue must be confuted by his conscience."

Missile Reporter; Vice-President of 3B Class; Daniel Literary Society; High School Orchestra and Band; Hi-Y Club; History Club; Civics Club; School Weekly News Staff; President of February Graduating Class; Associate Editor of Annual Staff.

Hugh is a friend, big-hearted and true, with a mind that is equalled by few and a character devoid of sham.





NELLIE WILLIAMS

"WILLIAMS"

"Nothing ever, hardly ever, troubles me."

Athletic Association; Basketball Team, three years; Public Speaking Society; Friendship Club; History Club; Civics Club; School Weekly News Staff; Photograph Committee of Annual Staff.

The doggonedest combination of imp of satan and an angel dropped "Keyslunk" off the knees of the gods down into our midst, is Williams. But where basketball is concerned she is *all* angel—nothin' but!

ROBERT JEFFERSON WOOD

"BOB"—"SHEIK"

"An equal mixture of good humor and sense."

Treasurer Athletic Association; Associate Editor and Assistant Circulation Manager of the *Missile*; Editor School Weekly News; President Civics Club; Page Society; Student Manager of Athletics; Secretary-Treasurer Hi-Y Club; History Club; Page Society and P. H. S. Debating Teams; Basketball Team.

Bob is one of the most energetic and popular students in school. It seems that it's a case of the office seeking the man, for he has had so many he's lost count of them all. It must be said that Bob is quite a "Sheik"; he seems to be more popular with the ladies than any man in the Senior Class.



June Class

VIRGINIA IDEAL ANDREWS

"VIRGIE"

*"A mischievous child is Virgie,
But a woman's love has she."*

Daniel Literary Society; Athletic Association; Type-writing Speed Certificate.

She persists in speaking of Lunsford, and we are compelled to "lend an ear." Her charms are irresistible. A golden-haired, blue-eyed fairy brimming over with fun and witty sayings. Without Virgie we are lost.



DORIS NOEL BAMBER

"Dor"

*"She is timid, she is shy,
But there's mischief in her eye."*

President 4A Class; Secretary Local History Club; Civics Club; Page Literary Society; Athletic Association; Annual Staff; School Weekly News Staff.

On looking into her face, one sees there honesty, sincerity, and often seriousness. On knowing her, one finds, along with these qualities, a humor that is not always detected in her countenance. In short, she is all that anyone can wish.

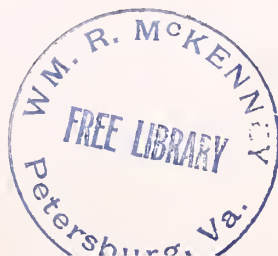
EDWIN RUDOLPH BOWMAN, JR.

"EDDIE"

*"Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone."*

Hi-Y Club; Orchestra and Band; Athletic Association; Civics Club; Secretary and Treasurer 4A Class; Missile Staff; Annual Staff; School Weekly News Staff; Daniel Literary Society; Vice-President Junior Hi-Y; President 4B Class.

"Eddie" is an all-around musician, sport, and athlete. He's a good fellow to have around on all occasions, for his presence puts pep into all activities, regardless. Bowman is one of these "friend in need is a friend indeed" fellows. He's always ready to serve someone else.





HAZEL BRANCH

"HAZEL NUT"

"Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun."

History Club; Daniel Literary Society; Civics Club; Athletic Association.

Curly-headed Hazel is always on the job with a grin and a kind word. She is very fond of fun, but she is quiet about it. Yes, everyone likes "Nut."

VIRGINIA WATKINS COUSINS

"GINGER"

"Fortunate are they who have her for a friend."

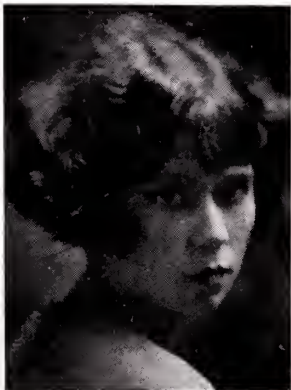
Local History Club.

Though quiet and studious, Virginia is one of the best of sports, game for anything. Without her aid many French and Latin students would fear to take their reports home. She is the best of pals and hard to beat.



MURIEL FLORENCE DAVIES

"MULE"

*"With lots of pep, sincere in mind,
The truest friend you'll ever find."*

Page Literary Society Friendship Club; History Club; Athletic Association; School Weekly News; Cheer Leader; Basketball Squad; Civics Club; *Missile* Reporter.

Muriel never stops making friends, possessing the secret of popularity. Is she ever serious, one may ask? Well, she's full of fun, but serious along one line. We wonder what that line is?

S. LULA EDMONDS

"PEGGY"

*"Truthful, dependable, jolly and gay,
A faithful friend, the best we can say."*

Athletic Association; Bronze Medal for Typewriting.
Peggy is admired by all her friends and classmates. She is good-natured and a true friend. She is always ready to lend a helping hand. Peggy never frowns, especially in French class.



GRACE ELLIS

"Buzz"

*"They love truth best who themselves are true,
And what they care to dream of dare to do."*

Athletic Association.

Grace is a pretty girl who knows her lessons, and is willing at all times to lend a helping, sympathetic hand. "Buzz" is very good-natured and affectionate. True to her name, she buzzes all around making friends.

RUTH JENNINGS FOWLKES

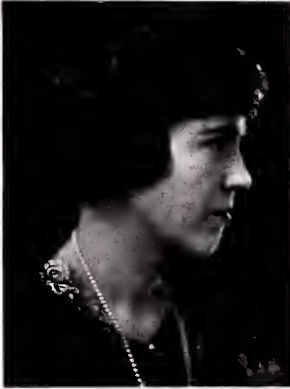
"LAMKIN"

*"For in our minds, of all mankind,
We love but you, alone."*

Athletic Association; Page Literary Society; Friendship Club; *Missile* Reporter; School Weekly News Staff; Science Club.

There is one person P. H. S. will regret losing next year; that is "Lamkin." "Lamkin" is a friend to all. If she is not your friend and comrade, it isn't her fault. She never gets angry and agrees with everyone.





ANNIE LEIGH JENNINGS

"TOOTS"

*"Studios, talkative, and always gay,
A rare good girl in every way."*

Athletic Association; School Weekly News Staff;
Daniel Literary Society.

It is a pleasure to have "Toots" around. She talks and chews the whole day through. Her lessons are always prepared well, and she has never been known to be anything but perfect in everything.

AGNES GERTRUDE JOYCE

"CINDY"

*"An ideal pal in every way,
The kind of friend you won't find every day."*

Athletic Association; Missile Reporter; School Weekly News; History Club; Will Writer.

The best we can say is none too good for "Cindy." She is always happy and gay, and willing to lend a helping hand. Indeed, we are proud of such a classmate.



R. LUCILE JUSTICE

"COVE"

*"And still they gazed, and still wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all she knew."*

Athletic Association; Girls' Chorus.

Cove is one of the best all-round girls we have ever met, always willing to give a helping hand. She is a great favorite, and one whom we are proud to claim as a classmate and friend. Cove teems with good fellowship, and her friendship once gained is a highly prized jewel indeed.



ROSA LANE

"ROSA VIA"

"It is better to be born lucky than rich."

Local History Club; Civics Club.

She gets golden reports, yet seldom worries over a lesson—just naturally brilliant. She is jolly and good-natured; never serious except in "Pop" Stuart's Latin class, where she spends most of the time trying to invent a human pincushion.



CLYDE HOUSTON LEWIS

"HUCK"

"Time and tide wait for no man," so "Let's speed!"

Athletic Association; Underwood Certificate and Bronze Medal awarded for speed and accuracy in typewriting.

Here is a student, though quiet, who always gets results from any undertaking. For "Huck" is the only one in our graduating class who has won the extra bar for his Bronze Medal. We predict a fine future for him in this line.



MARGARET GORDON MANN

"PEGGY"

"Independent, proud—yet a most sincere friend."

Page Society; Athletic Association; History Club; Annual Staff; Civics Club.

Peggy is a true sport, always willing to have a good time, and yet willing to stop when the time comes. She has brains—yes, we cannot doubt this—but we believe that she does not overwork them. Without Peggy our class would be as a chain with a lost link.





JOHN GILKESON McCLURE

"JOHNNIE"

"Surpassed by none, equalled by few, transcending many."

Hi-Y Club; Athletic Association; Civics Club; History Club; Business Manager Annual; School Weekly News Staff; President Junior Hi-Y; President 3B Class; Page Literary Society.

Johnnie is certainly a need-cessity to his class. He excels in business affairs, is a perfect jester for mirth (although he does get really serious occasionally), and is loved by all his classmates. Truly, Johnnie is an all-around good fellow.

LUCILE VIRGINIA MILBY

"AMBITION"

'Her aim is happiness.'

Athletic Association.

The most ambitious girl that one could possibly find. Her aim day after day is to find somewhere to go and something to do for a jolly good time.



CHARLES EMERSON NUNNALLY

"HAMLET"

"He's a good fellow and 'twill all be well."

Hi-Y; History Club; Civics Club; Athletic Association; School Weekly News Staff; Daniel Literary Society.

"Hamlet" likes to study, but he shows up best at lunch. We like Hamlet, and Hamlet likes us, but whee! he l-o-v-e-s his soup.



WILLIE LAURA PITCHFORD

"WILLIE"

*"The mild expression spoke in mind,
In duty firm, composed, resigned."*

Local History Club; Athletic Association.

Although Willie Laura does not talk much, we could not do without her, with her sweet, gentle way. In short, it may be said she talks little, thinks more, and accomplishes most.



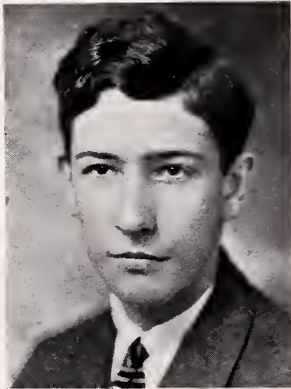
JOHN GORDON RENNIE

"RENNY"

*"Think then you are today—what yesterday
You were—Tomorrow you shall not be less."*

Hi-Y Club; Vice-President History Club; Secretary 4A Class; Athletic Association.

Do you need a friend? Want a pal? Seek a companion? Seen "Renny" around? If so, you need go no farther for one or all of these three. To find a good, true friend is sometimes quite a hard task. To find a better friend than "Renny" is quite an impossibility.



WILMER ROBERTSON

"GIBBY" or "WILL MORE"

*"Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes."*

Athletic Association; *Missile* Reporter (three years); Editor School Weekly News; President of Page Society; History Club; Civics Club; Hi-Y Club; Annual Staff; Vice-President in Junior Year.

Wilmer is the kind of student you don't see often; he is a happy combination of a scholar, sport, and "ladies' man." He is energy itself when it comes to doing something for someone, and is the best natured fellow in school. "Will More" is not the book worm type of scholar, but just the all-around kind of student that everybody likes. Wherever he may go, he will meet with the same success that crowned his efforts at P. H. S.





CATHERINE EARLY RYLAND

"CATTY"

"Thy good heart refused to discover the faults so many could find."

Local History Club; Civics Club; Athletic Association; Public Speaking Society.

Catherine is the kind of girl that one can call fine and not exaggerate in the least. Just quiet and nice with a lovable disposition that would win anyone. The candy that she brings to school each day makes us wonder whether she owns a candy factory.

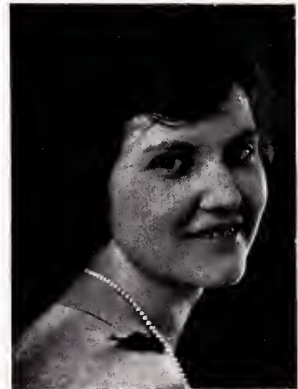
MARGARET CLIFTON SEVERS

"MARG"

*"She is as good as she looks,
In ways as well as books."*

Missile Reporter; Member of Athletic Association; President of History Club; Civics Club; Exchange Editor of *Missile*; School Weekly News Staff.

Good old "Marg" is always on hand to aid a friend. She is sensitive, but the world doesn't know it. What will old P. H. S. do without this worthy member to carry on the business?



EVELYN CARTER SMITH

"SMITTY"

*"To be happy is not to possess much,
But to hope and to love much."*

Page Literary Society; Secretary Daniel Literary Society; Athletic Association; School Weekly News Staff; Orchestra; History Club; Civics Club.

Imagine Evelyn getting ruffled at anything! She even enjoys translating Spanish. Her specialty is helping others, and she makes friends with everybody, but she admits that next to Pearl music is her best friend.





JAMES WINSTON SUTHERLAND

"JIMMY"

'Knowledge is the principal thing.'

City Editor School Weekly News; Hi-Y Club; Page Literary Society; Treasurer History Club; Vice-President of 4A Class; Annual Staff.

Jimmy believes implicitly that knowledge is the principal thing, though he puts his best efforts in gaining knowledge of science. Despite his scientific turn of mind, however, Jimmy has a human side. He is a good sport and is seldom alone in a crowd. Not the least of Jimmy's good characteristics is his good nature and willingness to help. If you need aid, look up Jimmy.

VIRGINIA B. SUTHERLAND

"GIN"

*"She doth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone, or despise,
For nought that sets our heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low esteemed in her eyes."*

Page Literary Society; Daniel Literary Society; Athletic Association; History Club; Friendship Club; School Weekly News Staff.

If ever you're blue or downhearted, just go to "Gin," she just naturally has the best prescription for the blues. Her fascinating personality is noticed and admired by all. She has entered into our life so wholeheartedly that we hardly know what we will do without her next year. "Gin" is always ready to do favors for everyone.



ANNIE R. TITMUS

"ANN"

"As merry as the day is long."

Page Literary Society; Daniel Literary Society; Civics Club; *Missile* Reporter; Athletic Association.

No matter what time of the day we meet "Ann," she is always smiling, and always has something witty and lively to say. She is always ready to cheer up someone who has the blues. We all love "Ann" and are sure that P. H. S. will miss her next year. Here's luck to you, "Ann."





ARLINE G. TUCKER

"Tuck"

"Modest in the manner, and vigorous in the deed."

Page Society; Daniel Society; Athletic Association; History Club; Civics Club; *Missile Reporter*; School Weekly News.

Old P. H. S. will be the loser when "Tuck" goes out of its doors. Although she doesn't say very much, her actions speak louder than words. We hate to lose you, "Tuck," but we guess we'll have to give you up.

MARGARET RANDOLPH TUCKER

"PEGGY"

"Jolly yet serious, fun-loving yet sincere."

Page Literary Society; Athletic Association.

Peggy is much loved among all her schoolmates. A truer, sweeter girl is seldom found, and we are sure we could never have gotten along without her. We all know she'll face life squarely and always be bright in spite of rain or shine.



ROBERT EARL VALENTINE

"RUDOLPH VASELINO"

"His every movement has music in it."

P. H. S. Orchestra and Band; *Missile Staff*; School Weekly News Staff; Daniel Literary Society; Athletic Association; Civics Club; History Club.

"Rudolph" is one of the happiest in our class. He knows the latest jazz piece out, and is a wonder on the cornet and piano—and his love sonnets will make the fair sex weep.



RAE PETERSON WEBB

"PETER"

*"Silence sweeter is than speech
The all-enclosing freehold of content."*

Athletic Association; Page Literary Society.

Rae is quiet and reserved until you know her, and then you are attracted by something that makes you want to be her friend and make you enjoy her presence.



DAVID HERCHELL WICE

"JUST DAVID"

*"All know what's right—
He did what's right!"*

History Club; Civics Club; Science Club; Athletic Association; *Sidelight* Editor School Weekly News; City Editor School Weekly News; Business Manager *Missile*; Band; Chairman Committee of Student Council; Daniel Literary Society.

In spite of the fact that David is the youngest in the class, he is one of the most active. He is a great admirer of the faculty—and never seems to regret it.



JOSEPHINE AUDREY WILLIAMS

"PHINY"

"A light heart lives long."

Page Literary Society; Athletic Association; History Club; Civics Club.

Audrey's smile is known the school over, and even on a cloudy day the sun shines from her face. She chatters all day long, but we find her serious at test time, and even then she hopes for the best.





CLASS POEM

Class Poem

A field of Learning we have wandered through,
Led on and on by Hope, a burning light
Like the glittering stars that shine in the sky at night
And speak of the coming day and heavens so blue.
And by the wayside voices, kind and true,
Have whispered of the hidden ruts, though slight,
Which hinder the step, and fill the heart with fright,
And the narrow paths with cares and shadows strew.
But now the long-sought road of Knowledge lies
In splendor, beneath the sun's most brilliant rays.
But in the distance it fades before our eyes;
We know not this road which leads through future days.
We linger a moment, and cast a wistful glance
On that field of Learning where joys 'mid troubles dance.

—FLORENCE CROCKER.



Who's Who—February Class



1—Biggest Nuisances—Archie Thweatt, Mary Caughlin. 2—Giant and Dwarf—Mary Cabaniss, Herbert Talbott. 3—Most Inquisitive—Catherine Moorman, Robert Wood. 4—Best All Around—Alex Hamilton, Katherine Hatchett. 5—Most Studious—Edith Crump, Eldridge Simmons. 6—Giant and Dwarf—Perry Wells, Ruth Butler.

Who's Who—June Class



1—Smallest and Tallest—Gordon Rennie, Annie Jennings. 2—Biggest Nuisances—David Wice, Muriel Davies. 3—Biggest Blushers—Virginia Cousins, Charles Nunnally. 4—Greenest—David Beckman, Audrey Williams. 5—Best All Around—John McClure, Doris Bamber. 6—Soul Mates—Lula Edmonds, Lucile Justice.



Class History



FEBRUARY CLASS



WITH the four swiftly moving years of our high school life behind us and with the close approach of the day on which we as a class shall leave the Petersburg High School never to return, it is the proper time for us, the February Class of 1924, to give an account of what we have accomplished during our time here. While our record has not been one which will cause other classes to turn green with envy, we hope that it will serve to stimulate them with a desire to do greater things than we have done and to do them better. It is, then, for this purpose that we submit the history of our class.

The class, always an ardent supporter of *The Missile*, has furnished the following as members of the staff: Maclin Cogbill, editor-in-chief, '24; Edith Crump, exchange editor, '23, and associate editor, '24; Earl Valentine, assistant business manager, '22 and '23; Alex Hamilton, circulation manager, '23; Katherine Moorman, alumni editor, '24, and Audrey Bozel, head reporter, '24.

In 1922, Katherine Hatchett was elected vice-president of the Athletic Association and in '23 president. Robert Wood was treasurer in '22 and '23.

Although not very active along the line of sports, we have given to the girls' basketball team Katherine Hatchett and Nellie Williams; to the football team: Rudolph von Erichsen, '22 and '23; Perry Wells and Alex Hamilton, '23. Erichsen, at the close of the 1923 season was chosen by his teammates as the best player on the team and was awarded a silver football by Mr. Stanton Pilcher. He also was a member of the baseball team in '23.

Despite the fact that both literary societies received members from the class, the majority belonged to the Page. Noldi Weber

was secretary of that society in '22 and Isabel Crockford in '23. Maclin Cogbill represented the Page in the annual debate with the Daniel and also won the prize given to the best declaimer in the school. Robert Wood, too, was on the Page Society debating team and, moreover, on that of the school.

The school weekly news sheet while under the management of the Class of 1924 was unusually successful. Bernard Cohen, as city editor, directed the publication. Audrey Bozel, a member of the staff, won the medal offered by the *Progress-Index* to the student writing the best newspaper articles.

The History Club, one of the most interesting of the school activities, which has for its purpose the study of the historical places in and near our own city, has always held a fascination for those who compose its membership. Edith Crump and Mary Cabaniss, in their junior year, were respectively vice-president and secretary and treasurer of this organization.

The Civics Club, the companion organization of the History Club, had these officers from our class: Robert Wood, president, and Edith Crump, secretary and treasurer.

The class is represented in the High School Orchestra by Willie Wells, Allen Raine, Hugh Wilkerson, Grover Tucker and Earl Valentine.

The Hi-Y Club in 1924 elected Alexander Hamilton secretary and treasurer. This club, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., is a connecting link between that society and the High School.

The Friendship Club, a similar organization among the girls, had Katherine Hatchett for its vice-president in 1923.

Thus ends the record of the February Class of 1924. May those who follow us strive ever to sustain and to raise to higher levels the spirit of the High School, and ever to advance its standards whether they be in the field of morals, of scholarships, or of athletics.

ELDRIDGE SIMMONS.

JUNE CLASS

HISTORY tells us that it was on the eve of a great battle when Emperor Marcus Aurelius wrote one of the greatest of memoirs, "The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius." While the battles that we will soon have to face may not seem as great or as dangerous as those of the Roman emperor, they are in proportion just as important. Therefore, there can be no better time than this for a slight resume of the activities of the June Class of 1924.

Led by one of its members, Allan Cook, president of the Athletic Association, the June Class supported the Athletic Association heartily.

Our class, while not represented by numbers on the gridiron, was represented in importance. Allan Cook, class member, was an important member of the squad. Cook also carried the class colors on the basketball court.

On the girls' basketball squad our class was represented by Elizabeth Hargrave.

Nearly all of the business of the annual was carried on by June Class members, John McClure being business manager, James Sutherland, circulation manager, and Wilmer Robertson, assistant circulation manager.

On the *Missile* staff our class was well represented. David Wice served for both terms as business manager. The positions of editor-in-chief and boys' athletic reporter were held by James Sutherland and Wilmer Robertson.

In their Junior year the following were officers of the History Club: Margaret Severs, president; Gordon Rennie, vice-president; Doris Bamber, secretary, and James Sutherland, treasurer.

The members who, in their Senior year, held offices in the Civics Club were: Margaret Severs, president; Arline Tucker, vice-president; Rosa Lane, secretary and treasurer.

Nearly every member of the class served in some capacity on the School Weekly News staff, while three members, Wilmer

Robertson, David Wice and James Sutherland, served as city editors.

The June Class contributed members to both the Page and the Daniel Literary Societies.

With Evelyn Smith, Edwin R. Bowman, Jr., and Robert Pully in the orchestra, the June Class is well represented.

The Hi-Y Club counted among its membership six of our members, who stood for the high ideals which that club promotes.

Under the leadership of Edwin R. Bowman, Jr., the last class president, the June Class of 1924 makes its exit hoping that the Petersburg High School is better because of our four-year stay there.

JAMES W. SUTHERLAND.



CLASS SONG

Class Song

(To the tune of "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi")

Now four swift years have passed away,
And our books we lay aside,
But first let's give one last fond glance
To P. H. S., our pride.
And though we drift apart in life,
And each take his path to success,
We'll ne'er forget the dear old days
We spent at P. H. S.

And as we leave these dear old walls,
We'll ever recall the debt
We owe our teachers, one and all,
Their efforts we'll ne'er forget.
And though we drift apart in life,
And each take his path to success,
We'll ne'er forget the dear old days
We spent at P. H. S.

—EDITH G. CRUMP.

PROPHECY



Class Prophecy



FEBRUARY CLASS



RUBBED my eyes and slowly opened them. I was still on the train and was speeding through beautiful fields. One glance into the West assured me that I was nearing my destination, for nowhere except in Petersburg had I ever seen the sun set in such splendor. Many years had passed since I was in this city, and I hardly recognized it as I jumped off the train.

Walking up the street I met Florence Crocker. From the look on her face one would think she was in heaven, but I do not see any wings. She tells me that she is merely Mr. Miller's secretary. Mr. Miller has retired from teaching school and is now writing books. Edith Crump has taken his place as head of the English Department in the Petersburg High School, and now instead of the girls liking English, as it was when Mr. Miller taught it, the boys have become very much interested in the subject.

P. H. S. could not let Catherine Moorman leave her, so I find that she is back turning out a basketball team equal to, if not greater than, any one ever produced by the High School.

Fate is indeed queer. While in P. H. S. everyone expected to see Alex Hamilton in the role of Roman Navarro in a few years, but instead—ah! Fate is cruel, he is substituting for Ben Turpin. Speaking of moving pictures, I find that Isabel Crockford, who we all thought would be a second Paderewski, is playing the piano at the Cockade Theatre.

I purchase a newspaper and find the names of my classmates mentioned on nearly every page. On the front page I read that Antrobus Gray is running for Congress, after a very successful career as a lawyer, and that Robert Wood has been elected business manager of the Chamber of Commerce. Wood received

valuable training from the Junior Chamber of Commerce, established while he was in the Petersburg High School.

I read that Ruth Perkins is the mistress of a large dancing school established for the benefit of stout people who wish to reduce.

On the sporting page I see that Petersburg has at last turned out a good ball team with Joe Jolliff as manager. I also observe that Mary Cabaniss has become an expert "poole" player, and critics declare that she will win the Woman's National Championship.

Turning to the column devoted to the books of the day, I chance across the name Thweatt. Is it possible that our friend Archibald Thweatt has become an author? Reading further I find that he has just issued a Latin pony having so much sympathy with the Latin students who must follow him.

I see that Kitty Hatchett has not changed much since her Senior days at P. H. S. She is still pestering folks by hiding their valuables. Unfortunately, and much to my regret, she has just received a sentence for this very thing and is on her way to serve it at Sing Sing.

Under the head of Music Notes, I read that my old friends, Bernard Cohen, Earl Valentine, Allen Raine, Willie Wells, Grover Tucker, and Hugh Wilkerson, have formed the All-Southern Sextette and are rapidly gaining world-wide reputation. They have just signed a contract to make records for the Victor Company.

I stop in front of the Century Theater and look at the signs on the outside. Much to my surprise, I see Audrey Bozel's name in glaring letters as the leading actress in the play showing there this week.

Not far from the theatre I come to a building on which is this sign: "Charm School for Young Women Only," conducted by William Reade. My quiet pal, Bill, is directing his entire efforts to help young girls secure their M. R. S. degree. He has secured Ruth Butler as teacher of hairdressing as she was famous for her curls while in High School. Next door to this

is another building which bears this sign, "Amorous Correspondence Association; We Write Your Love Letters." I find that this place is conducted by Mary Ramey.

Walking up the street I see a very attractive candy shop, and on the window I read the name Lavenstien. Can it be Fannie? I am not surprised, for she got good practice in P. H. S. and could make *some* fudge.

The old city has surely grown since I left it, for what do I see but a sight-seeing bus coming up the street on which is Lucius Robertson, who, by the aid of a megaphone, is pointing out the various places of historic interest. Strange, but at last he has learned to use his vocal chords.

I go to Tony's to get a bite to eat. A familiar face greets my eye from the soda fountain—Williams, Nellie Williams, our basketball player, is now throwing sodas across the counter instead of throwing basketballs. Who comes to take my order but Ellen Wilbourne, now a dainty waitress? Talking of old friends, I mentioned Noldi Weber's name and Ellen informed me that Noldi had made a fortune by discovering something to turn red hair a perfectly natural looking black. The superintendent of the factory where this remarkable liquid is made is Grace Magee. While sitting there I hear two people come through the door. One is saying, "Now, if Miss Rickson had Miss Kuner's eyes, she would be a good-looking girl." That little speech sounds familiar, and I turn and see my old friend, "Tabby" Talbott, talking to Perry Wells. They have become partners and are hard at work picking out likely young ladies for the Ziegfeld Follies.

Again upon the street I pass Lucile Smith. I can hardly recognize her slim silhouette. I find that she is working in a pickle factory and by devouring a couple of dozen a day has greatly reduced. I heartily recommend her method.

Going to the Petersburg Hospital to visit a sick friend, whom do I see but Lillian Temple as head nurse of that institution. As I walk up the steps, I almost fall over a waterbucket, and looking down I see Rudolph Erichsen scrubbing the floor. Has

our prize football player come to this? I see Eldridge Simmons standing in the hall with a knife in one hand and a saw in the other. At first I thought that he was a butcher, but recalling his ambition at P. H. S. to become a surgeon, I reconsider and decide that he is practicing surgery rather than butchery.

I consider myself very lucky in having seen and heard of all my classmates in so short a time, and it is very gratifying to me to find that so many of them have come back to Petersburg to take up their life work.

MACLIN COGBILL.

JUNE CLASS



HE clock had just struck twelve, and I, in the house alone, felt queer because of the silence around, but now—what was that I heard? Someone was saying, “Who-o-.”

But, oh, it was only a wise old owl that had flown into the room.

“Why, who are you?” I asked jokingly. To my surprise, he answered me.

“Young fellow,” said that wise old bird, “I know lots more than you think, and here tonight I have flown to tell you what is life’s store for your school companions.”

I readily agreed to listen, although I admit I was somewhat frightened by even imagining an owl speaking, but the old bird was true to his word, and this is what he told:

Your classmate, Virginia Andrews, has become such a wonderful governess that she receives her Mrs. degree.

There is one by the name of Charles Nunnally, who has been a good-natured fellow. Well, he is going to become instructor in public speaking at the Petersburg High School, a place which will always keep him on his feet.

The students of the future will not have to worry about what kind of food they will be served, for Virginia Cousins and Grace Ellis will have charge of the cafeteria.

Lucile Milby is to fill an important calling. She is to be head telephone operator for this city.

The High School book store is to have a new proprietor. This is to be Gordon Rennie.

Virginia Sutherland is to have charge of one of the High School’s most important branches; that is the library.

Some persons who have to go to the hospital will be thankful for their predicament when they learn that Annie Titmus is to be head nurse.

Now Muriel Davies, that adorable flapper, had plenty of

practice at school for her profession. She is to be special announcer for radio station J. V. R.

A little girl by the name of Margaret Mann is quite a specialist in her line. She is to create a special chewing gum, which has a flavor that lasts and pops easily. One can reduce very effectively while chewing; in fact, she guarantees the loss of four pounds to the one who chews one pack of gum.

Rae Webb will discover a new kind of rouge not being contented with the kinds already in existence, as she considers them so unnatural-looking.

Rosa Lane, Margaret Severs and Willie Laura Pitchford are to run a cafeteria, whose success is assured as they are to be walking advertisements for their business.

David Wice is to be editor of an influential radical newspaper.

James Sutherland is to be hailed the greatest inventor of all times. He is to be the idol of thousands of school boys all over the world, for he is to invent the invisible torpedo, which can be placed in any school room without being seen and will explode as soon as stepped on.

Allan Cook is to run for president on the Prohibition Party ticket, and if he runs as well for president as he did on the football field—well—all the men will be smoking "Camels" in a short while.

Evelyn Smith, a patron of jazz, will tour the country accompanied by the celebrated dancing couple, John McClure and Audrey Williams.

Clyde Lewis is to be director of Public Safety for Petersburg.

It has been said that ladies have to toe the mark in this world, but Doris Bamber is out for higher things. She is to be a noted tight-wire walker.

Edwin Bowman is to be both a minister and an undertaker in the same town.

Keep that school girl complexion not with soap but with stay-on-rouge, forty-seven varieties, which is to be the creation of

Arline Tucker. This is to take the English powdering race by storm.

The old owl prophesies that Annie Leigh Jennings is to join a side-show in a circus as the smallest woman in the world. Wonder what will cause the change?

Lucile Justice is to be physical directress at P. H. S. She is to have Lula Edmonds as her assistant.

Agnes Joyce, Margaret Tucker and Hazel Branch are to operate the "Help Yourself" chain of stores. Their executive ability will aid them in making this a success.

Catherine Ryland is to be mathematics teacher in Petersburg High School, and probably will have many problems in her life to solve.

Well, classmates, this was the last of the sage's oration. Please don't blame me for all of this so:

"Oh, Senior Class, I wish you health,
I wish you joy in store,
I wish you heaven after death;
What could I wish you more?"

WILMER ROBERTSON.



Class Statistics

FEBRUARY CLASS

<i>Name</i>	<i>Is</i>	<i>Favorite pastime</i>	<i>Chief saying</i>	<i>Wants to be</i>	<i>Liable to be</i>
Audrey Bozel Ruth Butler Mary Cabaniss	Industrious Petite Good-looking	Reading love notes Curling her hair Wondering how she can get in five dates in one week Promenading Fill- more Street	I don't know Is it right? Oh, Really! Aw, Gwan	An actress Always Early— Indifferent A member of Mor- ton & Co. A merchant A poet	A missionary Disappointed Smith-en (smitten)
Maclin Cogbill	Long				
Bernard Cohen Florence Crocker Isabel Crockford	A deep thinker Red-headed Dignified	Reading Writing poetry Getting thin	My goodness! Oh, dear! I don't know a thing	A musician	An orator An actor A flapper
Edith Crump	Brilliant	Studying	I know I flunked	An assistant to Mr. Miller	Miss Guerrant's suc- cessor
Rudolph Erichsen	Athletic	Chewing Climax	Certainly	Sheik	A sewing teacher Professor at a girls' school
Antrobus Gray Alexander Hamilton Katherine Hatchett	Smart Cute A good sport	Playing checkers Writing notes Taking Mr. Wolff's place	Your play, Simmons I swear Cutter	A ladies' man Loved Married	A toe-dancer Loved Basketball coach

FEBRUARY CLASS—Continued

<i>Name</i>	<i>Is</i>	<i>Favorite pastime</i>	<i>Chief saying</i>	<i>Wants to be</i>	<i>Liable to be</i>
Fannie Lavenstein	Sincere	Translating French	Anybody late?	University co-ed	Mr. Freas's successor
Catherine Moorman	A flirt	Popping gum	Have you got your dorine?	Married	An actress
Grace Magee	Waiting	Giggling	Enough of that	An artist's model	Still waiting
Allen Raine	Sensible	Riding electric car	(Never uses slang)	A preacher	A lady-killer
Mary Ramey	Happy-go-lucky	Reading Latin	Wait a minute	A suffragette	A waitress
William Beade	Quiet	Translating Latin	I can't read	A farmer	Editor of a "Pony"
Lucius Robertson	Cake-eater	Telling jokes	Don't miss	A football star	A water-boy
Eldridge Simmons	Bashful	Arguing	Amor vincit omnia	A checker champion	A hen-pecked husband
Lucile Smith	Strong	Cooking	Don't do that	Thin	A dancing teacher
Herbert Talbott	Small	Hanging around a Temple	Aw, that's not right	Tall	A midget in a circus
Lillian Temple	Good-natured	Talking to —	Dog if I know	Somebody's darling	Jilted
Archie Thweatt	A woman-hater	Aggravating Mr. Stuart	I didn't do it	A graduate of P. H. S.	Assistant Latin professor
Grover Tucker	Reserved	Driving an automobile	For hire	A student at Annapolis	A taxi-driver

Earl Valentine Perry Wells	Slow In love	Playing his cornet Worrying Mr. Frcas	Where's our lesson? Oh, Boy!	A great musician A resident of Cen- ter Hill	An organ-grinder A "Bluebeard"
Willie Wells Ellen Wilbourne Hugh Wilkerson Nellie Williams Robert Wood	Lovable Shy Bashful Athletic A sheik	Holding "her" hand Being silent Working in a store Playing basketball Sheiking	Come on, Tucker (?) That'll be all right How's this? Gee, whiz	Mary's A loud talker A doctor A stuart Valentino's succe- sor	Left alone A flirt A soda jerker A gym teacher A preacher

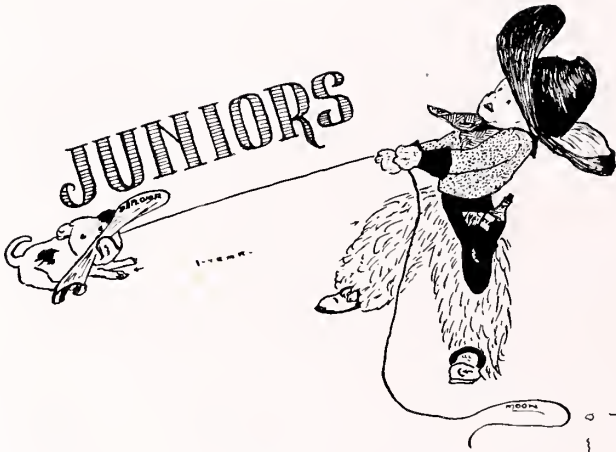
JUNE CLASS

Virginia Andrews	Mischievous	Receiving "specials" from —	Certainly so	A young man's darl- ing	An old man's slave
Doris Bamber Edwin Bowman Hazel Branch	Crazy Courteous Quiet	Sitting in 309 Grinning Dealing in foods	Well, I will Hasn't any I don't know that	A co-ed A big success A domestic science teacher	A dairy maid A failure
Allan Cook Virginia Cousins Muriel Davies Lula Edmunds	Admired Inquisitive A gum-chewer Industrious	Playing football Asking questions Hugging Elizabeth Bluffing	Is that right? Good night Golly ding Do tell	A football star A nurse Suffragette Secretary to gover- nor	Dishwasher at Capi- tal City Coach at V. N. I. I. A snake charmer Mrs. Ruan
Grace Ellis Ruth Fowlkes	Jolly Always dreaming	Dancing Studying physics	Hasn't any Lend me your comb	An actress A millionairess	Book agent Window-washer A policeman

JUNE CLASS—Continued

<i>Name</i>	<i>Is</i>	<i>Favorite pastime</i>	<i>Chief saying</i>	<i>Wants to be</i>	<i>Liable to be</i>
Annie Jennings	All right	Raving	Go to Kinny-Keat	A novelist	Shirley Dale's successor
Agnes Joyce	Talkative	Talking	Listen to me	An old maid	President of U. S.
Lucile Justice	Retiring	Powdering her nose	Good gracious	Beautiful	Tall lady in a circus
Rosa Lane	Studious	Posting signs on pupils	Have mercy	An English teacher	Physical director at P. H. S.
Clyde Lewis	Ambitious	Whistling	Hasn't any	Very fat	Candy salesman
Margaret Mann	Affectionate	Eating pie	You don't mean it	A lady of leisure	A collector of "Bells"
John McClure	Accommodating	Arguing	Golly	Medical missionary	Heart specialist
Lucille Milby	Bashful	Keeping quiet	Chase me	A bookkeeper	Manager of a beauty parlor
Charles Nunnally	Good-natured	Talking to B.	Yes, ma'am	Undisturbed	President of a charm school
Willie Laura Pitchford	Prim	Going to church	I'm angry	A vamp	Model for Peggy Paige dresses
Gordon Rennie	Forgetful	Trying to remember	Oh, I forgot!	Doctor	Human dictionary
Wilmer Robertson	A woman-hater	Popping chewing gum	I swear I didn't	A loafer	Mr. Stuart's successor
Catherine Ryland	Little	Interviewing Vergil	I-be-dog	A poet	Editor of "Colored Dots"

	Musical	Going home early	Wait a minute	Musician	Missionary to
Evelyn Smith	Energetic	Sitting on a sofa	Look here	A good husband	Africa
James Sutherland	Agreeable	Banging on piano	By-jingo	Primary teacher	A follower of his
Virginia Sutherland	Demure	Imitating Alma	My conscience	An opera singer	A farmer's wife
Annie Titmus	Dignified	Gluck	Oh, Bob!	Married	A chorus girl
Arline Tucker	Industrious	Talking with airs	Gee whiz!	On time	An old maid
Margaret Tucker	Meek	Entertaining	I was late	Admired	Late
Rae Webb	Businesslike	Primping	Let me tell you	Popular	Leader of Salvation
David Wice	A nut	Bossing everybody	Coushim	A teacher	Army
Audrey Williams		Writing letters			Bossed
					An undertaker's secretary





THE JUNIOR CLASS

SOPHOMORES





THE SOPHOMORE CLASS



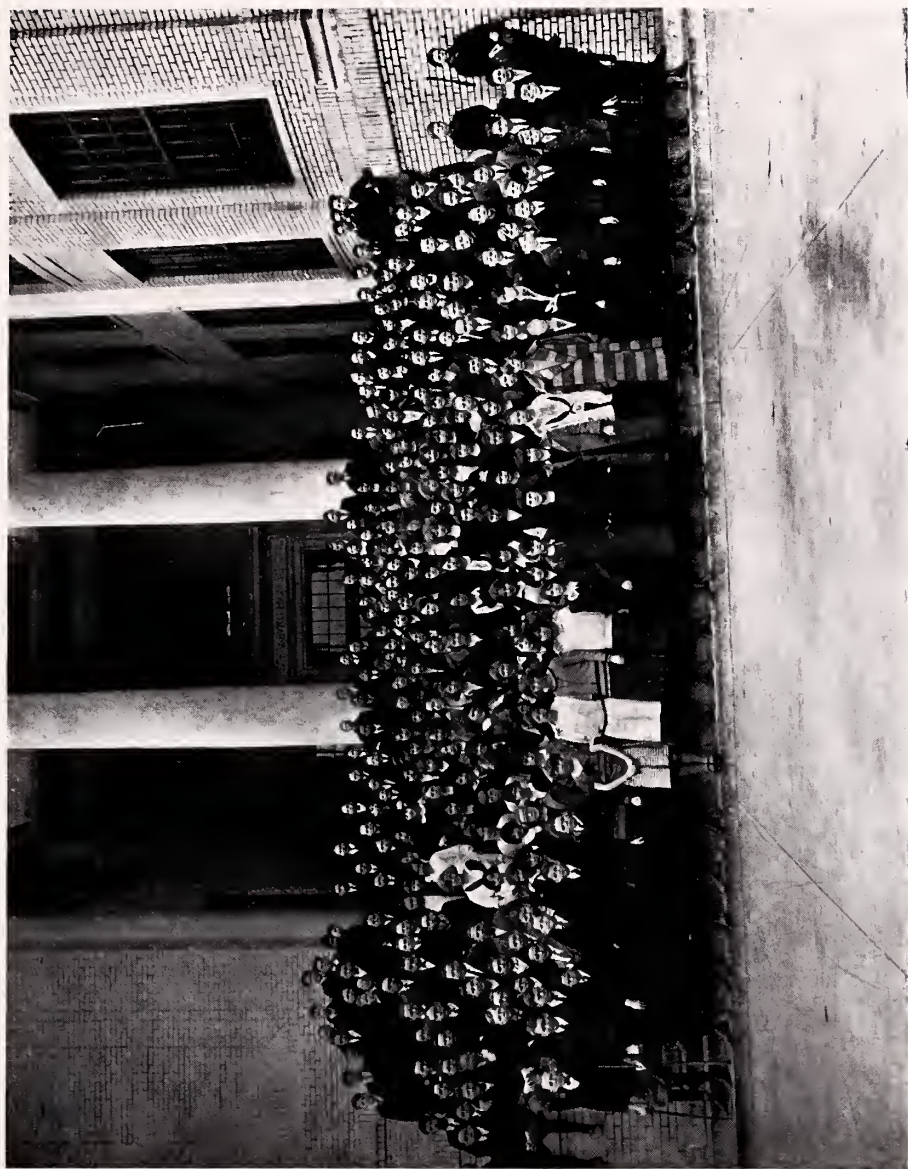


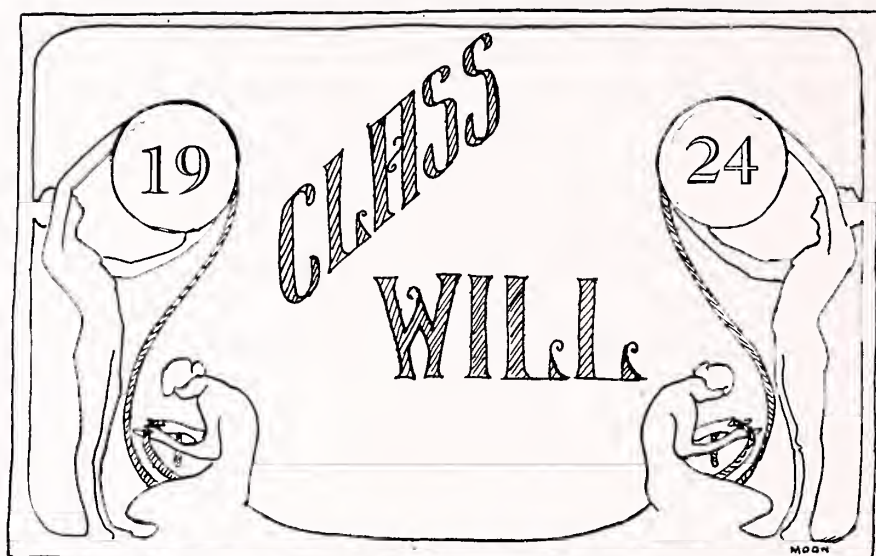
THE FRESHMAN CLASS



7th GRADE

THE SEVENTH GRADE





Last Will and Testament

In the Name of God—Amen.

We, the students of the Senior Class of the Petersburg High School, 1924, being of sound and disposing mind, do herewith make, ordain and publish this, our last will and testament, to-wit:

Item I

To our principal, Mr. H. D. Wolff, we bequeath one second-hand Ford to replace his velocipede on which he spends most of his energy riding to and from school.

Item II

To our good-natured English teacher, Mr. H. A. Miller, we leave one box of Luden's cough drops to ease that everlasting tickling sensation in his throat.

Item III

To Mr. James Scott we leave a little watch dog to guard his books, etc., as he is forever losing something.

Item IV

To Miss Howard and Mr. Weaver we leave free access to Washington Street so they may stroll along together on lovely summer nights.

Item V

To our charming French teacher, Mr. Freas, we leave some Armstrong heaters to save the necessity of wearing his overcoat in the classroom; we leave him also a collection-box to gather up the chewing gum in French classes.

Item VI

To the "Clean-Up Campaign" we leave a pair of field glasses so that when peeping through the keyhole of Miss Bessie Hall's classroom they may better ascertain the condition of her room.

Item VII

We give to our History teacher, Miss Sallie Guerrant, the privilege of presiding over an orphan asylum of only boys to pet and humor to her heart's content.

Item VIII

To Mr. "Pinky" Powers we leave one skull cap for him to wear, thus training those lovely locks to lie flat.

Item IX

To Miss Harris we give a water fountain, with the request that it be placed right at her door, as we wish to save her the trouble of having to go so far to chat with Mr. Freas.

Item X

To Mr. Pettit we give a carpet sweeper for his classroom, just to encourage him along.

Item XI

To Miss Walker we leave a book on "Etiquette" so she can read a chapter each day to her bookkeeping pupils.

Item XII

To Miss Sallie Robertson we leave a dumb study hall to take the place of the noisy one we made and to which she had to make a speech each day.

Item XIII

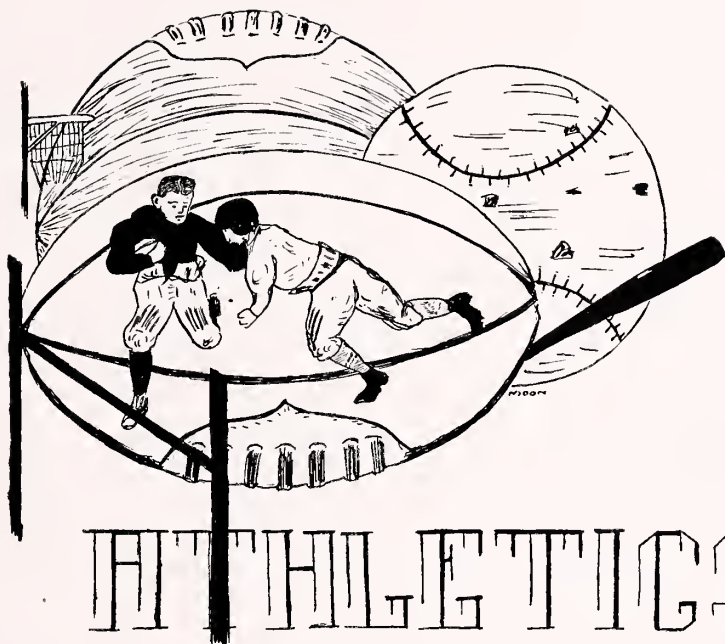
We leave Miss Browning a "Baby Ben" to avoid borrowing watches during speed classes.

Item XIV

To "Papa" Stuart we give and bequeath an automatic rapper in order to bring silence without skinning his little knuckles.

Witnesseth, the hand and seal of the Senior Class of 1924, this 16th day of May, 1924.

(Signed) AGNES G. JOYCE.





FOOTBALL TEAM

P. H. S. Football Season—1923

P. H. S.	0	Maury	12
P. H. S.	7	Newport News	13
P. H. S.	0	John Marshall	20
P. H. S.	0	McGuire's	12
P. H. S.	13	Rocky Mount	0
P. H. S.	0	Portsmouth	21
P. H. S.	19	Blackstone	13
P. H. S.	26	Suffolk	7
P. H. S.	38	Hopewell	0
P. H. S.	38	Emporia	0
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Total—P. H. S.		141	Opponents..... 98

LETTER MEN

Line—Morrison, E. ; Ayers, E. ; Friend, E. ; Wells, T. ; Whitehurst, T. ; E. Carter, T. ; N. Carter, G. ; Gregory, G. ; Fischer, G. ; Dillon, G. ; Erichsen, C. ; Underwood, G. ; Hamilton, E.

Backfield—Hawkins (Capt.), Cook, Hargrave, Robinson.

Coach—Joyner.

Manager—Wood.



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

P. H. S. Basketball Season—1923-24

P. H. S.	47	Dinwiddie	8
P. H. S.	66	Disputanta	8
P. H. S.	49	Hopewell	11
P. H. S.	18	Maury	9
P. H. S.	20	Wilson	21
P. H. S.	27	University Richmond	
		Freshmen	22
P. H. S.	19	John Marshall	42
P. H. S.	60	Franklin	5
P. H. S.	2	John Marshall	0
P. H. S. Reserves			
(Second Team)...	14	Hopewell	6
P. H. S.	13	Wake Forest	25
P. H. S.	23	Wake Forest	55
P. H. S.	7	Smithfield	17
P. H. S.	12	Rocky Mount	22
P. H. S.	16	V. M. I. Freshmen...	20

TEAM

(Capt.) Cook, G.; Wood, F.; Whitehurst, F.; Andrews, C.;
 Edwards, G.; Fisher, C. and F.; Dillon, G.; Mayton, F.

Coach—Joyner.

Manager—Wood.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Girls' Basketball

P. H. S.	31	Dinwiddie	23
P. H. S.	46	Wylliesburg	32
P. H. S.	41	Lynchburg	15
P. H. S.	83	Emporia	6
P. H. S.	34	Kenbridge	35
P. H. S.	30	Kenbridge	26
P. H. S.	30	Portsmouth	27
P. H. S.	28	Hampton	34
P. H. S.	38	Richmond Normal....	31
P. H. S.	32	Hampton	19
P. H. S.	32	Portsmouth	31
P. H. S.	42	Richmond Normal....	31

TEAM

Katherine Hatchett, Captain First Term; Elizabeth Hargrave, Captain Second Term; Nellie Williams, Doris Williams, Gwendolyn Hardy, Mary Francis Hatchett, Jessie Young, Anne Deffenbaugh, Nellie Major, Kathleen Hennessey, Mildred Southall, Mildred Smith, Rosa Carter.

Coach—F. Inez Wells.

Manager—Elizabeth Hargrave.





Page Society

First Term Officers

- Helen WillcoxPresident
- Edwin CarterVice-President
- Elizabeth HargraveSecretary
- James AyersTreasurer

Second Term Officers

- Wilmer RobertsonPresident
- Edwin CarterVice-President
- Elizabeth HargraveSecretary
- Emmett MorrisonTreasurer



Monogram Club

Officers

Allan Cook	<i>President</i>
James Hargrave	<i>Vice-President</i>
Alexander Hamilton	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
Mr. Powers	<i>Faculty Adviser</i>

Members

Gordon Andrews	Herbert Gregory	Sidney Hawkins
Franklin Edwards	James Ayers	William Friend
Nelson Carter	Rudolph Erichsen	James Hargrave
Edwin Carter	Anthony Fischer	George Robinson
Emmett Morrison	James Whitehurst	Eugene Underwood
Perry Wells	Alex Hamilton	Allan Cook



Senior Hi-Y Club

Officers

- Edwin Carter*President*
Allan Cook*Vice-President*
Alexander Hamilton*Secretary and Treasurer*



Junior Hi-Y Club

Officers

- Lester Bowman*President*
James Rosenstock*Vice-President*
William Irvine.....*Secretary and Treasurer*



Instrumental Music Class

Mr. Melvin Maccoul.....*Director*



School Weekly News Staff

City Editors

James W. Sutherland

David H. Wice

Special Correspondents

Doris Bamber

Muriel Davies

Elizabeth Hargrave

Margaret Severs

Evelyn Smith

Virginia Sutherland

Charles Nunnally

Gordon Rennie

Grover Tucker

Annie Jennings

Mary Stuart Clark

Edwin R. Bowman, Jr.

James W. Sutherland

Margaret Mann

Special Article Writers

Members of the 4A English Classes.



Civics Club

First Term Officers

Robert Wood*President*
Christian Munt*Vice-President*
Edith Crump*Secretary and Treasurer*

Second Term Officers

Margaret Severs*President*
Arline Tucker*Vice-President*
Rosa Lane*Secretary and Treasurer*



History Club

First Term Officers

James Ayers*President*
 Pat Drewry*Vice-President*
 Dorothy Tucker*Secretary and Treasurer*

Second Term Officers

Gwendolyn Hardy*President*
 Lucy Gilliam*Vice-President*
 James Rosenstock*Secretary and Treasurer*



Daniel Literary Society

Officers

- Christian MuntPresident
- Audrey BozelVice-President
- Evelyn SmithSecretary
- Ralph DiamondTreasurer
- Mr. James G. Scott.....Faculty Advisor



Public Speaking Society

Mr. Paul Pettit.....*Director*



Athletic Association Council

Officers

Allan Cook	<i>President</i>
Katherine Hatchett	<i>Vice-President</i>
Rudolph Erichsen	<i>Secretary</i>
Alexander Hamilton	<i>Treasurer</i>

Coaches

Miss Inez Wells Mr. A. D. Joynes

Faculty Advisers

Miss Goodwin Mr. Wolff
Mr. Scott



Missile Staff

First Term

Maclin Cogbill.....	Editor-in-Chief
Edith Crump and Edwin Bowman.....	Associate Editors
Margaret Severs.....	Exchange Editor
Catherine Moorman.....	Alumni Editor
Allan Cook.....	Boys' Athletic Editor
Mildred Smith.....	Girls' Athletic Editor
David Wice.....	Business Manager
Townley Gamble.....	Assistant Business Manager
Francis Temple.....	Assistant Business Manager
James Ayres.....	Circulation Manager
Patrick Drewry.....	Assistant Circulation Manager

Second Term

James W. Sutherland.....	Editor-in-Chief
Margaret Severs and Edwin Bowman.....	Associate Editors
Dorothy Tucker.....	Exchange Editor
Helen Willcox.....	Alumni Editor
Wilmer Robertson.....	Boys' Athletic Editor
Doris Williams.....	Girls' Athletic Editor
Patrick H. Drewry.....	Head Reporter
David H. Wice.....	Business Manager
Townley Gamble.....	Assistant Business Manager
Francis Temple.....	Assistant Business Manager
James Ayres.....	Circulation Manager
Christian Munt.....	Assistant Circulation Manager



~ Literary ~

Carl Sandburg

Who's this guy Sandburg? Where'd he come from? Out of the wilds, out of the west—that's where.

What's Sandburg done? Wrote free verse? Told us all about his home?

Who cares if Chicago is "hog-butcher for the world"?

He's traveled much, he's seen much, he knows much. A lot of men can qualify, if that all one needs!

Is that all about him? No—what's great in him is that he knows so much but doesn't keep it to himself!

He lets men share a gift with him—but he's not the only one!

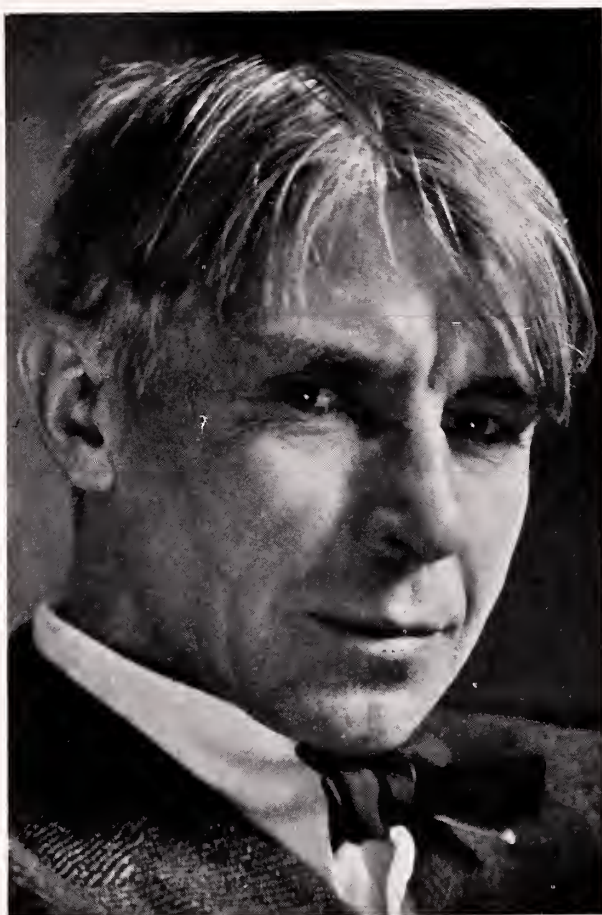
O yes! But none have been so true, none have dared to speak like him—he's great!

Genius lies in knowing how—and caring to take pains. Sandburg's the man that's done it. He's a genius.

That's who and what he is,

This guy Sandburg!

H. DAVID WICE.



Mr. Carl Sandburg

OUR FAVORITE POET,
WHO LECTURED UNDER
THE AUSPICES OF THE SENIOR CLASS IN BEHALF
OF THE ANNUAL,
NOVEMBER 26, 1923.

A Triolet

'Tis oft I sit alone at night,
 Beneath an autumn moon,
 And watch its golden beams of light.
 'Tis oft I sit alone at night,
 And looking at God's satellite
 I croon some childhood tune.
 'Tis oft I sit alone at night,
 Beneath an autumn moon.

—EDWIN R. BOWMAN, JR.



A Rondel

The sweetest music that I know
 Is played by many birds in spring;
 When to and from the trees they go;
 To all sad hearts glad tidings bring.

Then when each bird begins to sing,
 And spring's sweet breezes softly blow,
 The sweetest music that I know
 Is played by many birds in spring.

The leaves when blowing to and fro,
 Make forests' hearts with gladness ring;
 But songs of birds that we love so,
 Are sweeter than the chimes that ring;
 The sweetest music that I know
 Is played by many birds in spring.

—WILLIE LAURA PITCHFORD.

Doubles



HE says she knows me very well, that I've visited in her home when I went to school in Abingdon? Her name is Mrs. Jones-Bateman? Why, I've never heard of the woman before. Well, I suppose I shall have to entertain her during the U. D. C. convention."

This was one end of a telephone conversation between Esther Endicott and a friend of hers, Bess Whitfield. Bess was asking Esther to entertain a U. D. C. delegate to the convention held that year in Norton. Esther had willingly obliged her friend, but imagine her surprise when she learned that this Mrs. Jones-Bateman, one of the delegates, claimed friendship with her. She could not understand it. It was true, she had gone to boarding school in Abingdon about five years before, but if she had visited in Mrs. Jones-Bateman's home, certainly five years was not so long a time that she could forget such a visit. She racked her brain to think who this lady could be, but she was just as much puzzled in the end as at first. Well, there was nothing to do but wait and see how things would turn out. Nevertheless, it would be rather interesting, she thought, to see how this would-be "friend" would act.

Esther realized she must warn her father and Aunt Martha, her maiden aunt, to be careful in their conversation with the guest. So at dinner that night, she broke the news.

"Now, I have no more idea who this Mrs. Jones-Bateman can be," she said, "than you have, father, but all I ask is that you and Aunt Martha won't 'give me away.' Pretend that I have known her, and we shall get along the best way we can. There will have to be a lot of acting, I guess."

"Esther," Aunt Martha said, "possibly she has gotten you confused with someone else whom she knows."

"Yes, that could easily happen," said Mr. Endicott. "Esther, when does your guest arrive? We must send the car to meet her."

"Oh, tomorrow afternoon, and I shall be on pins and needles the whole time she is here."

"We shall help you out, dear, as much as possible," said Mr. Endicott.

Let us now go to the next afternoon, the time of the arrival of the strange guest. Imagine Esther's feelings as she looked out of the window to see the chauffeur help out of the car a very pompous-looking lady of about fifty, dressed in a purple velvet dress embroidered with huge yellow butterflies, and a large picture hat to match. Esther hurried to the door to welcome her perfectly strange guest.

"Why, Esther, my dear girl, I am so glad to see you once more. You are looking just as well as ever," gushed Mrs. Jones-Bateman, throwing her arms around the perplexed girl and pecking her on the cheek.

Esther need not have worried as to what she should say to the lady, for she was not given a chance to speak. Mrs. Jones-Bateman was looking her over from top to toe, and telling her, "You are still just as pretty as ever, and you don't look a bit older than the last time I saw you."

"I am so glad you think so, Mrs. Jones-Bateman," Esther replied weakly.

Every time this "friend" opened her mouth, Esther wondered what in the world was coming next, and how she would answer sensibly.

At dinner, the guest completely monopolized the conversation, bringing to mind reminiscences of Esther's visit with her, of which Esther was absolutely ignorant. She talked fast and excitedly, making it difficult for Esther, who was in torture one minute and almost convulsed the next, to say much more than "Is that so?" and "Really?"

Aunt Martha once or twice giggled almost audibly, and Esther kicked her vociferously under the table. She felt that that dinner would never end. It seemed that it had lasted through the ages and would continue through eternity. Finally,

the last course was finished, and the family resignedly escorted their extraordinary guest to the drawing-room.

Mrs. Jones-Bateman began then by saying, "Oh, Esther, I forgot to tell you that Mr. Jones-Bateman sent you his dearest love. Of course, you remember how fond of you he was."

"Yes, he seemed to be—er—quite fond of me," said Esther helplessly, using her imagination.

"The poor man is just as thin as ever; I suppose, though, it must be natural for him to be so," sighed Mrs. Jones-Bateman; "he hasn't gained an ounce since you saw him last."

"Perhaps he should take less exercise," said Aunt Martha, coming to Esther's rescue.

"And, oh, Esther, Jennie is still with me."

"Who?"

"Why, certainly you haven't forgotten Jennie, my jewel of a cook. She is still with me, and she makes as delicious cherry pies now as those you used to enjoy."

Aunt Martha hid a titter in a slight cough. Esther was in agony for fear she would laugh outright.

At this point in the conversation, Mr. Endicott excused himself to attend a business meeting. Aunt Martha also left the room, leaving poor Esther alone with her "old friend." Soon, peals of laughter were heard from above, and Esther suspected that they issued from Aunt Martha's room, and she feared hysterics. She could hardly force herself to pay attention to the constant stream of inane conversation issuing from the untiring lips of Mrs. Jones-Bateman. But, at this point, she came up with a jerk, for the lady was saying something very strange.

"Esther, do you know, my dear, the first thing I thought you would ask me would be about Wilfred. Certainly you haven't forgotten him."

"Why, no—er, certainly not; what is he doing now?" stammered Esther, without having the slightest idea who Wilfred was.

"He is traveling now, and I had a letter from him yesterday, saying he would stop in Norton and come up to call, if it

would be agreeable. And you know, a mother misses her only son so much when he is away a large part of the time."

So Wilfred was Mrs. Jones-Batesman's son!

"I imagine so," replied Esther.

"He is as deeply in love with you as ever, Esther, although he hasn't seen you in so long a time."

"Good heavens," thought Esther, "this is too much! I have never seen this Wilfred, and he is deeply in love with me, and is coming to call!"

"Really?" said she aloud, recovering herself; "he must come up to dinner with us tomorrow night."

"Oh, he would enjoy that so much, dear!"

"You must be tired now, Mrs. Jones-Bateman, after your long trip," Esther broke in hurriedly. "I am sure you would like to go to bed."

So Esther breathed a deep sigh of relief after having left her "friend" in the guest-room. She could have peace, at least for a few hours, and then the morrow——!

It was almost dinner time, and the butler had just announced Mr. Wilfred Jones-Bateman. Esther's heart was beating wildly, and her cheeks were sparkling with color. She made a very pretty picture, if she but knew it, as Mrs. Jones-Bateman presented her to a divinely handsome young man with smooth black hair and deep gray eyes, as "Esther Endicott, your old sweetheart, Wilfred."

"Esther Endicott?" Wilfred asked blankly. He was non-plussed as he looked into the gleaming eyes of this embarrassed young girl who was exactly like another girl, Esther Stafford, to whom he had once been engaged! It was incredible! Two girls with the same given name who were doubles. His mother's mistake, in believing this girl his former sweetheart, finally dawned on him. He realized Esther's embarrassment, and hastened to explain.

"I hope you will pardon my mother's mistake, Miss Endicott.

It must have seemed very queer to you indeed, but I, too, have never seen two people look so much alike as you and Esther Stafford."

Before Esther was given a chance to reply, his mother broke in with her explanations and apologies.

At the end of the U. D. C. convention, Mrs. Jones-Bateman returned home, acknowledging that, for once in her life, she had made a mistake. Esther felt that quite a load had been lifted from her shoulders.

Wilfred's business, however, kept him in Norton for several weeks which was ample time for a strong friendship to be formed between him and Esther. It doesn't take friendship so very long a time to grow into love. But this story need not explain that. It is necessary to say, however, that Mrs. Jones-Bateman, to her delight, gained an attractive daughter-in-law by her strange mistake.

ISABEL G. CROCKFORD.

Rosebud

Your life, dear child, is a rosebud bright
That comes in the spring so fair,
And when it is blessed by the morning dew
Is twined in your flowing hair.

Then comes a time in your beautiful life,
When you become lovely and fair,
Like the rose that has blossomed from the bud
That waved in the perfumed air.

But to you, as well as to the rose,
The cold, long night must bring
A blight that will wither your very life,
When it is no longer spring.

—LUCILE MILBY.

That Little Spark of Celestial Fire

NOW could I ever have been such a fool? I gave myself credit for a little sense, but I don't believe I had a bit when I did that foolish trick."

The speaker of these mumbled thoughts was a man of well-kept appearance. He had the air and style of a well-to-do man, for Paul Ramus was a very rich banker.

The foolish trick that he was mentally blaming himself for was the adoption of a boy and girl ten years previous to this time. He blamed himself always for it; sometimes he even swore he was drunk at the time. He was wealthy enough to support them well, that didn't bother him. It was the eternal nuisance of being bothered with a lazy cake-eater and a modern flapper.

The two young people well represented the names applied to them. To the world they were John and Elizabeth Andrews, penniless orphans until adopted by Ramus. It was not known, however, that they were the children of a once famous electric chair victim. This fact was known not even by Ramus. Neither knew the temperament of the other and firmly believed in the other's goodness.

It may be said to the credit of Elizabeth that, unlike most young women of the time, she was a good cook. She was really a specialist in the art of cooking mushrooms, the dish that so delighted the palate of her adopted uncle. Neither she nor her brother cared for the dish, but it was Ramus's favorite.

Knowing that on the death of her uncle, all his property would come to her brother and herself, a wild plan entered her head. The next time Paul Ramus delightedly drew his chair up to the table to enjoy his favorite dish he little suspected that there was one deadly *amanita mescaria* concealed there.

An old saying reads, "Great minds run in the same direction." In this case the substitution of the word fiendish for great would be suitable.

It was easy for John, an acquaintance of the lowest of all

mortal beings, a drug-taking, drug-selling doctor, to get a prescription reading:

R Atropinae Sulphatis 5xiii.
Ext.

DR. M. C. JAMES.

Knowing that his uncle always brushed his teeth after meals, he placed a few of the crystals in Ramus's tooth-paste.

Psychologists state that the mental pain which follows a first crime is almost unbearable. This may account for the following happenings.

After eating a good dinner and cleaning his teeth well, Ramus entered the kitchen. There upon the floor lay Elizabeth, the victim of her own mushrooms.

"John! John!"

The cry rang through the house, but no answer came.

"How can I tell him? It's awful!"

Taking the steps three at a time Ramus reached John's room to find the young man stretched across the bed with an empty pill-box in his hand.

At the double funeral several days after the suicides, no one paid the slightest attention to an old man with a sad but kindly look, who owed his life to the fact that atropine and muscarine, the alkaloid in the deadly fungus, are counter poisons, and to his good habit of cleaning his teeth after meals.

JAMES W. SUTHERLAND.

Young Sebastian Cabot Black

When young Sebastian Cabot Black
 'Low'd as how he'd sail the sea,
He up and bought the Nancy Fair,
 From Solomon Samson Lee.

He bought a big sou'wester,
 And an oilskin coat to match,
And he polished up the brasses
 From the crow's nest to the hatch.

He shipped a crew and a mate or two,
 And headed down the bay,
But young Sebastian Cabot Black
 Now rues that fateful day.

He steered 'er round the Cape o' Cheer,
 And headed for the sea,
But doomed was he to meet his fate,
 Far from a peaceful lea.

The wind was blowin' 'alf a gale,
 And the craft, she pitched and tossed,
And young Sebastian Cabot Black
 Knew his ship was lost.

He reefed the sails, and kept his course,
 But the wind, and waves, and rain
Was more than he could overcome,
 'Tho he fought with might and main.

At last, he headed for a port,
 But the dreaded deed was done,
And now a derelict, on the rocks,
 Shows where the weather won.

Now young Sebastian Cabot Black
 Has a grave in that deep sea lan';
Which shows that 'taint the clothes, my friend,
 That makes a sailorman.

—EDWIN R. BOWMAN, JR.

A Friend in Need



DICK CARR was in misery, in perfect and profound misery! In the space of the twenty-three years which comprised his life, he had come across many obstacles, which he had successfully crossed, many difficult jobs, which he had tackled with vim and vigor. Now, he found a task which he could not possibly perform, and he was ashamed. At college, he had been a star football player, a player of which the crowd was proud, and a credit to his school. He had never been a coward, and believed himself to be a "manly man." But now he realized he was not a man, not fit to be called by that name. Why? Because he could not fill a man's duty—he simply could not propose! Propose! the very word rang like thunder in his ears. Of course, he loved her, loved her with all his heart. She was his dream-girl, his ideal, this Priscilla Kent. Her blue eyes were like beautiful pools, her mouth like a gorgeous rosebud, and her golden tresses a fitting crown to her dainty self. Of course, the adjectives are Dick's own. He wrote poems to her only to tear them into shreds; letters of proposal, only to burn them.

Tonight, he had a date with Priscilla, and for the third time this week he was going to attempt to propose. His efforts thus far had been a total failure. He had failed, utterly failed! Tonight, looking in the mirror while fixing his tie, he surveyed himself. He was not handsome, but he had a fine, clear-cut face, and was quite as good-looking as the rest of the fellows in his crowd. He believed Priscilla loved him, and would accept his proposal when—when——

He glanced at the picture he had of her, and worshipped at this shrine. If she were only there then, he felt he could utter phrases as flowery and passionate as any lover. Well he knew that his nerve would be gone as soon as he was near her. Dick had confided his shortcomings to John A. Prentiss, his pal, only

last night. John was a fine chap, and Dick knew he would propose quite naturally when the right girl came along. John laughed at him, tried to instruct him in what to say, and promised he would do anything in his power to help his friend. John left him with the promise to call him up, if he found a unique way to put the thing across. But Dick had not heard from him; really, he had not expected to, but he had hoped John might find a way to make the path easier for him. Still he was not the only one who had stumbled over this path. He often thought of Miles Standish and how much they had in common. He was only partially consoled, though, in knowing that better men than he had blundered. He had not the slightest doubt that he and Miles Standish were distantly related, and how he cursed the fact!

When he was dressed and ready to go, he placed Priscilla's picture on the table, and began to rehearse what he should say. "Gee!" he exclaimed, "I have it!" Seizing a box of candy lying on the table he read: "Say it with candy!" "That is just what I will do. How simple of me not to have thought of it before. I will go in, and as I give her the candy, I will say to her, 'Darling, sweets to the sweet, so I will say it with candy. My life would be bitter, indeed, without you.' Why, that's great! What wouldn't Miles Standish have given to have composed that."

Dick decided to walk to Priscilla's, thinking the night air might help to cool his heated brain. He took the longest way there, and yet wondered why he was delaying a minute when he had such a speech prepared. Then he began to think, a bad sign, indeed, for Dick, because he became confused as soon as he started to do such a thing. "Suppose," he muttered, "I forget and get the 'bitter' part mixed with the 'sweets'." In great agony at the thought of such an error, he burst into a perspiration. He was noted for getting things twisted, and this thought made him look back to last Easter. He had sent Priscilla a bouquet of orchids, and had gone to see her that night. He had intended to propose even then and wished to start out with that old sweet saying:

"Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Sugar is sweet
And so are you."

Of course, this sounds absurd for a lover, but Dick thought it beautiful and quite appropriate for Easter. Even then he stammered, hesitated, and blurted out a parody he had once heard:

"Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
But they're too d— expensive
To send to you."

At this minute Dick stopped thinking—it really was too pitifully painful. At any rate, he was at his destination, and he walked up the steps and rang the bell with the appearance of a martyr. He seemed in a trance. He saw the maid open the door, and his feet carried him inside, wholly without his consent. As often as he had come, he had never felt quite like this.

Priscilla came down the steps with her cheery greeting of "Hello, Dick! Glad to see you."

Dick mumbled something that seemed very much like, "Glad you're glad," and handed her the candy.

Priscilla seemed more demure tonight than ever, and the whole time she was unwrapping the candy seemed to be wanting to say something and relieve her mind, but she couldn't. So she said to herself, "I'll let him mention it."

Dick realized this was the opportune time for his flowery speech, but his dry lips would, under no amount of coaxing, utter any such phrases; they were too accustomed to comments on the weather.

At 10:45 he made a move to go, but Priscilla said in a very sweet and low voice, "Dick, I received your letter this morning. I would have mentioned it before, but I thought you would. I suppose it was my place to do so. Dick, you must have known my answer would be 'yes.' I have always loved you."

Dick's brain was in a whirl. Surely, he was dreaming. No—he felt Priscilla's soft hand on his. What letter? He must see it. Until then he must seize this opportunity. So he said, "How could I know, darling? I am so unworthy of your love. I can say nothing except that I love you dearly. May I see the letter? I was in such a state of love when I wrote it, I hardly remember what I said. Did I express myself well?"

"Did you, Dick? Why, I could hardly believe you wrote it. It is beautiful, Dick, and I shall always save and cherish it, even after we are married."

She handed the letter over to him, and bewildered he read it. The letter was a proposal by a passionate lover, with all the sweetest and tenderest of phrases. It did not take Dick long to guess who wrote it. They were the very phrases John Prentiss had used in his room the night before in instructing Dick. Dear old John, he had saved the day, and won for Dick his Priscilla. No longer did he doubt what John's middle initial stood for; to Dick, at least, he should always be John Alden Prentiss.

Dreamily, with his hand clasped in Priscilla's, he said, "What a pity Miles Standish did not have a John Alden such as I."

Priscilla did not understand, but nodded, too happy to speak.

EDITH E. CRUMP.

The Melody

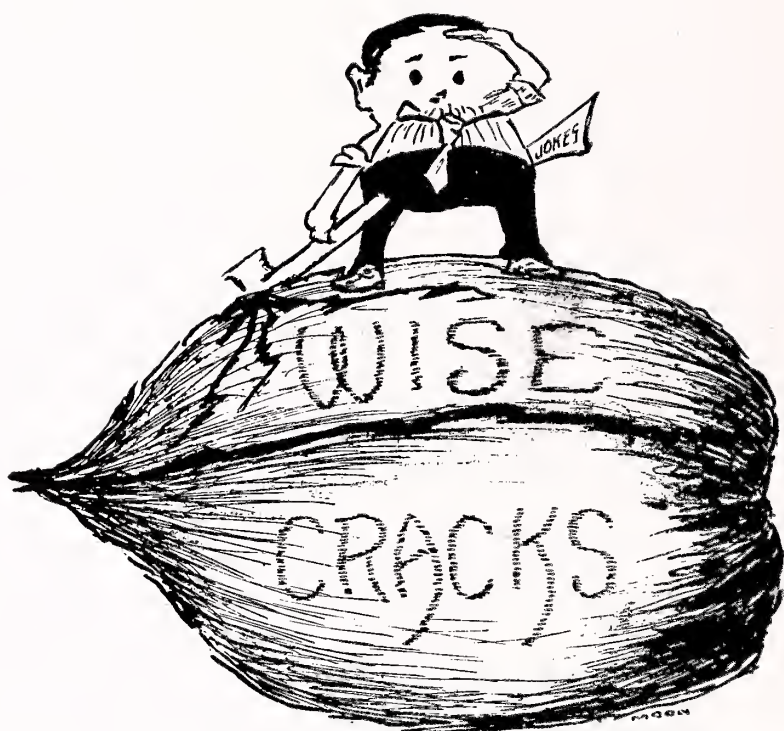
I heard a simple melody at night
When all was calm and still. It haunted me
Until I saw the dawn make shadows flee.
And oft I thought that as from a bird in flight
It softly dropped to me and changed my sight;
My troubles and my worries ceased to be,
And nothing stayed but the simple melody
That gently fell from the blue and shadowy height.
So are we changed from moods and from despairs,
So are we altered by a breath of wind.
No matter how profound our troubles are,
And how our brains may reel with earthly cares,
Let enter our souls a beauty of some kind,
And we forget, and our spirits wander far.

—B. M. COHEN.

Meditation of a Senior

I sit in solitude and meditate,
This quiet autumn afternoon at home;
And often wonder what will be my fate,
When out into the bustling world I roam.
How many of my classmates will I see;
The classmates I have known from year to year?
In future years, no matter where I be,
Their memories to me always shall be dear.
But now the time to leave school comes around.
Look kindly, Lord, upon this prayer: I ask
That I may keep both mind and body sound;
And with them strive to do some useful task.
Yes, give me strength to start and to complete,
For other people's good, some mighty feat.

—WILLIAM READE.



Wise Cracks



Mr. Miller told us to write a Ballade. It was luck that made me read it over before handing it in. It started:

The trees begin to change their dress,
It is a sight we love to see.

No—it was not handed in.



ADVICE TO THE SENIORS

By Anita Gibson

MY DEAR MISS GIBSON:

I've heard of your wonderful advice, and I, too, am coming for help. Miss Gibson, I am afraid I'll get too fat. It is so hard not to eat, but I'll try even that, if necessary. What can I do to get real thin?

Sincerely,

MARGARET MANN.

MY DEAR CHILD:

This is not in my line. Better see a beauty specialist.



DEAR MISS GIBSON:

I am a senior in P. H. S. and I am coming to you for advice. I get up so late in the mornings that I have only a short time to make up. The rouge I use smears so that I look a perfect fright. What kind would you advise me using?

CATHERINE MOORMAN.

I never use this so-called rouge—but have you tried the orange rouge? Some people look perfect frights with or without it. Try not using any for a while.

DEAR MISS GIBSON:

I've read your letters from the Seniors and I want to give my advice to one of your correspondents.

To those who would reduce:

1. Roll 500 times every night.
2. A high dive daily in the bath tub. (Be very careful, as this is considered a bit dangerous.)
3. Kick to the ceiling five times a night. (Pad the floor in case you fall.)
4. Do not eat any sweets. (Avoid especially chocolate pie.)

I hope my advice may help some of the stout students.

Sincerely,

WILLIE LAURA PITCHFORD.

Thank you. I am quite sure they will profit by this.



MY DEAR MISS GIBSON:

I am in love with a very sweet little girl. She is of average height, but, Miss Gibson, I am so tall that we look like Mutt and Jeff. I am teased all the time. They call me "Long Distance." Is there anything that I can do?

PERRY WELLS.

"Take me just as I am" should be your motto. Try carrying a few bricks on your head.



A new verb, "we-saw," was discovered in the 4B English Class. It is conjugated as follows:

I we-saw	we we-saw
you we-saw	you we-saw
he we-saw	they we-saw

Mary Cabaniss, in 4B French—"Where shall I begin—at the beginning?"



Mr. Miller—"What happened to the Lady of Shalott?"

Pupil—"She died."

Mr. Miller—"Then what happened?"

Pupil—"She stepped into a boat and drifted to Camelot."


Translations made in French class.

"He made room for her feet."

"Sing to me some song as sometimes in the evening you used to sing to me with tears in your black eye."


First Little Girl—"My sister had a date last night."

Second Little Girl—"That's nothing, I had a whole handful of figs this morning."




Lady—"Excuse me, sir, for standing on your foot."

Gentleman—"Oh, that's all right, I have to stand on it myself."




Mr. Miller—"Shelley was capable of bad rhyming."


Virginia Andrews—"He can't beat me."



A little boy was asked to give a sentence containing the word "disarrange." He submitted the following: "When papa was making the fire this morning he said, 'Dama dis a range.'"—*Ex.*



"There's the man I'm laying for," said the hen, as the farmer crossed the yard.—*Ex.*



Lillian Temple—"Virgie, don't you know every time I look up, that boy is gazing at me with the blankest expression!"

Virginia Andrews—"How can he help it when he is looking at you?"



MISS BETTY

Missing a Program

I heard that there was a good program
Coming over the radio,
So I thought that I would get it,
And not go to the show.

The station W B O R
Was the one I hoped to get,
And with great anticipation
I went to my radio set.

The part of the program I wished to hear
Was not so long in all;
It was some of the latest jazz
That had come out this fall.

My aerial switch I threw with care;
And the juice seemed a little weak
As I turned up my reostat,
For I couldn't get a squeak.

My variable condenser went around,
My ticker spun in vain.
Then I readjusted my vacuum tube,
And the old set worked again.

Then the air seemed alive with music,
I got stations by the peck,
But I could not get the right one,
Not even to save my neck.

The time was swiftly flying by,
The program had begun,
I worked and worked on that radio set,
But I could not get that one.

The time rolled on, now it was up.
That program was no more.
I then decided I would quit,
For I was mad and sore.

And so I began to turn it off,
I happened to hit it right,
And heard a voice, "W B O R
Is signing off, Good night."

—MACLIN COGBILL.



First Senior—The local barbers are reporting a rush of business this fall.

Second Senior—What do they give as the cause for it?

First Senior—Mr. Stuart has been using a new brand of hair tonic.



Edith Crump—Mr. Miller, I can't write a song.

Mr. Miller—Come to me sometime and I'll sing you one.

Joe Stevens—How is it that a man with only one eye can see more than you can with two?

Mac Cogbill—He can't.

Joe Stevens—Well, a man with one eye can see both of your eyes while you can see only one of his.



Teacher—Johnnie, your mouth is open.

Small Student—Yes, ma'am, I know it. I opened it myself.



I heard the music of our band
 (It is the jazziest in the land);
 I've heard Miss Molly fuss and squall,
 Directing traffic in the hall;
 I've heard the preacher read his text
 At Tuesday morning assemble call,
 But what I've heard the most of all
 Is "Who wants 'Dauber' next?"

—GROVER TUCKER.



October 30, 1923, is a day never to be forgotten by the 4B Latin Class. Mary Coughlin translated her selection of Vergil when called on by Mr. Stuart.



One day somebody found Archie Thweatt doing some work.



Grandpa—Good. And now can you tell me what the Epistles are?

Johnnie—They are the wives of the Apostles!



Our wounded soldier says he left his legs in Verdun's breaches.

"This December weather reminds me of the country near Argentina."

"Why, I thought all of South America had a warm climate."

"No, you forgot Chile."



TO THE TROLLEYBUS

There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous wise,
He bought a little trolleybus
And it was undersize.

He put it out on Walnut Hill
And said, "Come, one and all,
And ride this imitation car;
Just harken to my call."

How often, oh, how often,
When the rain is pouring down,
We are waiting for that trolleybus
To take us into town.

Oh, Mr. Man, dear Mr. Man,
Please give us back our car;
Put back the rails on which it ran,
Then maybe we'll get "thar."

—A. B. GRAY



Freshie—What was your highest mark?

Sophomore—Unsatisfactory!



Teacher—Now, who can tell me what a tennis net is made of?

Bright Boy—A lot of little holes tied together with strings, ma'am.



Mr. A (boastfully)—I'm smoking an awful lot of cigars lately.

Mr. B—Yes, I've noticed it. You gave me one.

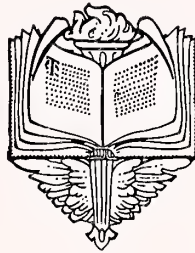
SEEN ON SOME 4B SPANISH TESTS

"Blood and Sand" is a novel that shows the cruelty of the bull fight; nine times out of ten the fighter gets killed. (He must have been a cat.)

The Royal Spanish Academy is a theatre where plays and operas are given for the royalists.

In Spain one must be married twice before one is married once.

—and they wondered why they flunked!



Uncle Ephraim's Lullaby to His Boy

(Written during Father and Son Week)

Jes' yo' watch dem leaves a-fallin',
 Honey Chile,
 De winter sholy am a-callin',
 Honey Chile,
 Don't yo' here de winds a-blowin',
 Soon yo' watch, den yo' see it snowin',
 An' de mouty waters flowin',
 Honey Chile.
 Den a huntin' we's a-gwine,
 Honey Chile,
 Whar' de ducks an' geese am flyin',
 Honey Chile.
 Dar's a 'possum up de tree,
 Waitin' dar fo' yo' an' me,
 Call de dawg an' le' him see,
 Honey Chile.
 Le's go home an' call yo' ma,
 Honey Chile,
 She knows whare dem taters are,
 Honey Chile,
 Den de 'possum in de pan,
 Sweet juicy tater in yo' han',
 All dese go to make a man,
 Honey Chile.
 Den when de day is done,
 Honey Chile,
 We'll think of all de fun,
 Honey Chile,
 Den go to our sweet, sweet res',
 Dream o' dem who lub us bes',
 An wake up all refresh,
 Honey Chile.

—A. B. GRAY.



Father—Tommy, have you caught any fish yet?

Tommy—Naw. I betcha this worm ain't trying.

Those Two Old Maids

Those two old maids, who in their day
O'er far and near once held their sway,
Around whom beaux no longer wait,
Who pine away, long doomed by fate,
Still hold to youth as best they may.

They deck themselves with colors gay,
And wear the plumage of the jay,
So eager to secure a mate,
Those two old maids.

Although for years they watch and pray,
And fix their hair in many a way,
The young men all pass by the gate
And fail to grab the proffered bait,
Too late they learned to not say nay,
Those two old maids.

—ELDRIDGE SIMMONS.



Is It Possible For—

Eldridge Simmons to have a "date"?
Edith Crump to flunk on English?
"Alex" Hamilton to be a preacher?
Archie Thweatt not to "gallop"?
Charlie Nunnally to lecture on psycho-analysis?
Rudolph Erickson not to play football?
Mac Cogbill to be a dwarf?
"Tabby" Talbott to be a "man of might" in a movie?
Audrey Bozel not to have curls?
"Rusty" Weber to stay awake in English class?
Hugh Wilkerson not to be dignified?
Kitty Hatchett not to work hard and play basketball?
"Bill" Reade to be Senator?
Perry Wells to be a circus fat man?
Ellen Wilbourne not to read Spanish correctly?
Joe Joliff to be physics teacher at Harvard?
Mary Ramey to be a chorus girl?
Mary Cabaniss to be an old maid?
Isabel Crockford to get off her dignity?
Lillian Temple to stop vamping?
Mary Coughlin to die from studying too hard?
Florence Crocker to stop smiling?
Allen Raine to succeed Mr. Miller?
Bernard Cohen not to love Baltimore?
Robert Wood not to be a public speaker?
Ruth Butler to be a ballet dancer?
Nellie Williams not to play basketball?
Lucille Smith to be a "human skeleton"?
"Virgie" Andrews to stop speaking of Lunsford?
"Trobus" Gray not to blush when spoken to?
Rae Webb not to be an "artist"?
"Fan" Lavenstein to fuss?
Clyde Lewis not to act smart?
Grover Tucker not to be obliging?

Imagine—

Edwin Bowman being a circus director.
John McClure not arguing.
Allan Cook not going to sleep in Spanish class.
Charles Nunnally not aggravating "Pop" Stuart.
Gordon Rennie making a silly remark.
Wilmer Robertson with "Shino" on his hair.
James Sutherland outside of chemistry lab.
David Wice missing an answer to a question.
David Beckman teaching Latin.
Doris Bamber not talking.
Hazel Branch with straight locks.
Virginia Cousins not asking questions.
Muriel Davies not popping gum.
Rosa Lane weighing ten pounds.
Margaret Mann not expecting a test.
Willie L. Pitchford being a ballet dancer.
Evelyn Smith staying at school all day.
Margaret Severs not going to Christian Endeavor.
Virginia Sutherland without a wave in her hair.
Annie Titmus translating Spanish fluently.
Arline Tucker walking to school.
Audrey Williams not reading a letter.
Lula Edmunds missing a word sign in shorthand
Lucile Justice not worrying about English test.
Lucile Milby in a rush.
Agnes Joyce keeping her mouth shut.
Margaret Tucker with only one book.
Annie Jennings the fat lady in the circus.
Grace Ellis getting excited.
Catherine Ryland being indifferent.



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